

"DIRTY HARRY"

Screenplay

by

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From a Story

by

Harry Julian Fink

SECOND DRAFT  
9/23/70

FADE IN:

1. EXT. BUILDING LONG SHOT DAY

Black and white footage - no sound. It has a rough hand-held newsreel or combat photography quality. A MAN bursts from a building and runs away from CAMERA. He appears to have a rifle or shotgun. He crouches and FIRES almost at CAMERA - which jars. He runs again - suddenly he is blown end over end by an unseen force.

CUT TO:

2. FULL SHOT CAR POLICEMEN

Again the black and white rough footage. A car is being detained by policemen. Suddenly a door is kicked open knocking over one officer. Another cop falls. The rest run or hit the ground. The man has a sawed-off double-barrel shotgun. He aims as he runs. A giant fist seems to double him up, gun flies, and smashes against and over the car.

CUT TO:

3. FULL SHOT ISOLATED HOUSE POLICE

This one in grainy color. An isolated house. Police are seen in foreground with rifles and shotguns. The house is surrounded. Several of the cops fire their guns. There is a pause. The cops talk to each other. Suddenly a man bursts from the house with a sub-machine gun. Before he can get off the steps he is blown back through the door by successive blasts.

VOICE:

Stopping Power.

CUT TO:

4. STILLS OF DEAD POLICEMEN

Black and white. An audible click as stills of dead cops flash on the screen. A cop dropped over a car -- another on a sidewalk -- blood all over -- a third all tangled in his motorcycle.

VOICE:

Stopping Power -- that's where it counts -- stopping power.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.)

More stills. This one of a detective in a stairwell -- all crumpled up and bleeding. Suddenly a small figure emerges at the bottom of the huge screen -- part of the projected image on him. It is HARRY RICCI -- small -- tough -- Dirty Harry. He is the owner of the voice.

HARRY:

That man was hit by a 12 gauge.

He clicks a control in his hand -- another slide of a dead cop in a car, mouth agape.

HARRY:

That man with a .30-06. Through the door.

PULL IN on him as more slides flash on.

HARRY:

They were probably good officers, qualified with their weapons. Their adversaries were better qualified.

He motions -- bright lights come on -- the screen goes up revealing a target range behind him. Several tables and watermelons and cans of paint are set up in the target area.

HARRY:

I'm here to show you how to stay out of those positions.

CLOSE ON HARRY

He paces.

HARRY:

Now the issue sidearm of this department is the 38 special revolver. I know your combat instructors have made you feel quite invincible with this weapon. Well, you're not. Any of you who think that just because you can put them in the black at ten yards, you can hold your own with the animal element of this city are full of crap and you're likely to end up spread all over some wall.

He walks over to a table and picks up a gun.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.1)

HARRY:

(continuing)

Now I don't mean to say that the 38 won't kill a man. I just feel that it won't do it every time. When I drop the hammer on a killer I want to know that he will go down and not get up. I feel safer this way and it saves the courts time and money.

He wheels and fires into a watermelon with the pistol. Five shots from a crouched two-handed position. The watermelon is cracked and shattered red chunks are being blown onto the white backdrop. Harry stands, throws the gun on the table. The broken melon is still standing.

HARRY:

That was the standard police 158 grain round nose load. Any gun that won't knock over a watermelon with five shots does not inspire my confidence. A cartridge that was found incapable of stopping pygmies in the Philippines in 1903 I don't feel has any place in modern law enforcement. Now I have always advocated the government 45 for detective use.

He picks one up, works the slide chambering a round.

HARRY:

It's flat - compact - fits under a coat nicely and it has stopping power.

He drills three melons in quick succession, knocking them off their stands and blowing pieces all over the backstop.

HARRY:

You drop the bastards with a 45 and they stay dropped.

He paces back, putting the gun on the table.

HARRY:

Now I know some of you men are wondering, is an automatic safe? Will it let me down? Well I can assure you that you do your part and it will do its. It has served its country well through four good wars without improvement. It will serve you.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.2)

HARRY: (Cont.)

I have been the sole survivor of eleven gunfights armed only with the forty-five and I feel it can do the job -- Now you're probably also thinking how did I carry a forty-five due to department regulations. Well there's no restriction on your off-duty weapon and you never can tell what you're going to have to do off duty. But if you have to use the thirty-eight -- use it well. Don't aim for so-called vital spots. A maniac can have his heart blown out his back and empty six into you and get half-way through reloading before he realizes he is dead -- Break bone! Bust your prey down! Immobilize him! - Inflict pain and crushing damage making him incapable of returning fire - then finish him!

He picks up a pump shotgun from the table.

HARRY:

The twelve gauge shotgun is a cop's best friend. It is the most powerful and effective man-stopper we have.

He blows a melon all over the backstop and himself and explodes a full can of paint with a second shot.

HARRY:

When your basic criminal looks down that tube --

(he shakes his head)

You'd be surprised how much respect he will have for law and order.

He puts the shotgun down.

HARRY:

Probably you think that a weapon of this size has no place in detective work. That its presence can alarm the average citizen and compromise your position. Well let me tell you that there is no position more compromising than that of laying face down on a sidewalk with your life oozing out - and there is nothing more alarming to the average citizen than the sight of dead cops.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.3)

HARRY: (Cont.)

The shotgun is your best friend.-  
 know it! - Use it! - It'll do the job.  
 (he paces)

Now one more thing. I want you to  
 remember that your killer, he doesn't  
 have any departmental restrictions.  
 He may face you down with any weapon  
 in the book. He may face you with a  
 44 magnum.

He pulls a huge Smith and Wesson 44 Mag from his coat.

HARRY:

Like this --

He turns and blows the last watermelon and paint can all  
 over the room.

CLOSE SHOT HARRY

He has bits of melon and seeds splattered on his face and  
 jacket - his expression truly demonic.

HARRY:

Now you poor bastards might have  
 some idea of what's waiting for you  
 out there.

(he holds up the  
 big pistol)

The 44 was developed for hunting.  
 You want to really go hunting - you  
 get your badge.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

TITLES OVER:

5. INT. CLOSE SHOT RELOADING PRESS HANDS

A man's hands set the powder charge adjustments on a massive  
 polished steel reloading press. An Army manual is open to  
 the marked page titled: '50 caliber Browning Machine Gun  
 M-2' with a large measured drawing of the cartridge. .

6. DIFFERENT ANGLE

He takes down several huge, empty brass cartridge cases,

(CONTINUED)

## 6 (Cont.)

feels them for weight and selects one. Each case has strange, crudely etched markings on its side - symbols of some kind - not too clearly defined. He sets the chosen case in his priming press.

VOICE:

Ordinance 7 1/2 Boxer-type primer.

He pulls the lever seating it. He removes the case and seats it in the turret of his press. He pulls a lever, releasing a powder charge into a scale pan. The scale does not balance, the charge is too light. He adds a few more grains with a powder trickle.

VOICE:

107.5 grains Ordinance. 5010 - slow burning.

He pours the balanced charge into the case.

## 7. DIFFERENT ANGLE

He turns the turret to the projectile seating position. Carefully he selects a shining bullet from a small oil-filled can. He checks his manual and looks at the gleaming huge slug. Very carefully he picks up a file and cuts a slight but perfect X in the bullets. Enough to expose the lead and cause it to open quickly upon impact. He places it in the bullet seater.

VOICE:

Eleven hundred grain Spitzer - boat tail.

## 8. EXTREME CLOSEUP

The bullet is seated by the lowering of the press.

VOICE:

Seated. 15 hundreths from neck compressing charge.

He turns turret to next station, pulls press down again.

VOICE:

Crimped at cannalure of projectile.

## 9. PULL BACK

He removes the finished cartridge from the press.

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.)

VOICE:

Muzzle Velocity 2840 feet per second  
 - Muzzle Energy 8100 foot pounds.  
 Drop at 1632 yards 86.5 inches.

The hand holds the cartridge lovingly.

DISSOLVE TO:

10. EXT. CLOSE SHOT HAND SPOTTING RIFLE DAY

The hand places the round in the chamber of a U.S. Army 50 cal. Artillery Spotting Rifle - mounted on a recoil absorbing mount with target telescope of 24 power attached. The bolt is released and slams shut.

11. LONG SHOT THROUGH SCOPE SHOP HIPPIES

It is early morning. We see a typical psychedelic junk shop and record store. Numerous young kids are hanging around outside. Some have slept on the sidewalk. The scope is moved by careful gradation to the doorway. A young girl leans against the doorway talking to another - both are very good-looking. People and cars pass in front of them. The one girl shifts her position, blocking the other girl.

VOICE:

Two for one - clean, real clean.

12. CLOSE UP

The sniper's finger pulls back the trigger - slowly -

13. CLOSE UP

The muzzle of the big gun - a rumbling slow motion sound is heard getting louder to the end of the shot. Smoke emerges slowly from the muzzle and the bullet begins its journey. In SUPER SLOW MOTION - like a rocket in orbit - it leaves the barrel followed by slow swirling smoke and gas. When the projectile is one third of the way across the screen -

LAST TITLE

CUT TO:



14. EXT. HARRY'S APT. CLOSE UP

DAY

Harry steps out of a door. He rubs his eyes and starts down the steps. (The sound continues to the end of this cut and then abruptly cuts off.)

15. FULL SHOT STREET HARRY

MORNING

Harry stumbles down the street. He has obviously not had enough sleep. Harry never can get enough sleep. His suit is ill-fitting and cheap and probably too hot for the day. He looks around the common middle-class neighborhood. He reaches the corner and goes up to a Taco stand.

16. MEDIUM SHOT HARRY WINDOW

Harry leans against the screened window thinking about sleep. A MAN comes to the window but we can barely see him due to the reflection on the screen.

MAN:

Morning Harry.

HARRY:

Morning.

MAN:

Nice day - no smog.

HARRY:

Not yet.

The bottom of the window slides open and hand reaches out passing Harry a cold can of beer. Harry pulls the top and takes a long drink.

MAN:

That's really cold, isn't it?

HARRY:

Yeah.

MAN:

I put it next to the ice cream machine.

Harry nods in appreciation of this sagacity.

HARRY:

I think I'll take a meat burrito with cheese and onions.

MAN:

Extra cheese?

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.)

HARRY:  
Of course - it's breakfast.

MAN:  
Red chili or green?

HARRY:  
Do I ever eat green chili?

MAN:  
I don't know - I'm just here in the mornings.

He leaves to go make the burrito. Harry sips on his beer trying to adjust his eyes to the light.

HARRY:  
Hey - how much beer you got left?

MAN:  
A six-pack and another can.

HARRY:  
I'll bring some more tomorrow. Last time nobody told me and I had to wake up to an orange drink - You ever try to do that?

MAN:  
Nope.

He brings Harry his burrito.

HARRY:  
Extra napkins.

MAN:  
Sure.

He hands them to him. Harry takes a bite.

17. EXTREME SLOW MOTION EFFECT SHOT

Bullet moves slowly across the screen. (No Sound)

18. EXT. TACO STAND HARRY DAY

MAN:  
Hey Harry, I been wanting to ask you something for awhile.

HARRY:  
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

18 (Cont.)

MAN:

How come you don't drive to work -  
You got a car?

HARRY:

Yeah, I got a car.

MAN:

Well how come?

HARRY:

(embarrassed)

I had my license revoked -- Too many  
tickets.

MAN:

No shit. I didn't think they gave  
tickets to cops.

HARRY:

They do. Besides, it's too dangerous.  
You never hear of buses piling up.  
Cars are too damned dangerous.

## 19. EXTREME SLOW MOTION EFFECT SHOT

The bullet moves across the screen and in EXTREME CLOSEUP slowly penetrates and disappears directly into the dress of a girl, leaving a wisp of smoke.

## 20. TACO STAND HARRY

Harry is chewing on the burrito as suddenly there is a distant scream. Harry turns - people are scattering from across the street.

## 21. FULL SHOT STREET

People are screaming and running in every direction from the Record Store across the street. A boy runs into the traffic, a car swerves to a spinning stop - hitting him. Another car piles into it from behind - A woman rushes by.

WOMAN:

Oh God - Oh God.

There is a low distant pop and a window falls away in the Record Store. Harry in the foreground crouches. We see across the street two people lying in the store doorway - people look and scream. A boy leans against the wall screaming hideously - blood running down his arm. Harry looks around above and behind him. Cars screech to a stop around the two wrecked ones. One of the drivers gets out.

(CONTINUED)

21 (Cont.)

DRIVER:

It wasn't my fault - what the -

WOMAN:

(hysterical)

They're shooting at us!

Another low pop is heard and a huge hunk of pavement near the bodies is torn up at least a foot deep. Fragments of bullet whine and ricochet off buildings, through cars - concrete chunks and splinters crash through glass - hit people like shrapnel - sending them screaming and sprawling on the pavement. Another car piles up. A plate glass window falls, shatters.

22. MEDIUM SHOT HARRY

He dodges crouched across the street, his hand in his coat. A car has stopped near the Record Store doorway. The driver looks around uncomprehending, Harry does. He crouches by the fender and looks at the two girls slumped grotesquely in the doorway. Blood is on the sidewalk. One of the girls' mouths is agape staring wide-eyed in horror. Harry pulls his 44 Smith and Wesson Magnum. The driver of the car he's crouched against sees him.

DRIVER:

(shouting hysterically)

He's got a gun!

Another pop - the windshield of the car shatters - the driver screams and opens the door, his hands over his face - blood spattering - he rolls into the street kicking and thrashing. Harry scans the roofs, gets up running.

CUT TO:

23. INT. APT. BUILDING MEDIUM SHOT HARRY

Harry bounds upstairs. A woman opens her door, sees him and his gun, steps out to watch him - screams, goes back inside and slams the door.

24. DIFFERENT ANGLE

Harry reaches the top of the stairs, bashes through the door crouched and running in the intense sunlight. He scans the edge - sees nothing, wheels on his reflection in a pane of old glass - fires - glass and brick shatter. A siren is heard in the distance. Harry scans the edges of the roof quickly. His eyes rest on a higher building which seems like a half-mile away.

CUT TO:

## 25. FULL SHOT STREET HARRY

Harry runs, exhausted but for all he's worth, in foreground. A police car siren blaring roars up and does a skidding stop - men leap out with shotguns.

COP:

Stop - put your hands on your head.

ANOTHER COP:

It's Harry - pea brain.

He runs right by them, puffing. They follow.

## 26. INT. ROOF TOP ELEVATOR HARRY COPS

The door opens - light floods in - they disperse quickly, crouched ready to fire. There is no one on the roof. They cover it quickly then stand up. Harry is still breathing hard.

Harry walks over to the edge of the roof - looks off at the chaos in the far distance. An ambulance and more squad cars are arriving. Harry sniffs the air.

HARRY:

Hey - come here!

Two cops rush over.

HARRY:

You smell anything funny?

COP:

Sort of - what is it?

HARRY:

Cordite!

COP:

What?

HARRY:

Cordite - either Army Ordnance or an English elephant rifle.

COP:

Nobody could hit with anything from this far.

HARRY:

Something big would.

(CONTINUED)

26. (Cont.)

Another cop rushes up.

OTHER COP:

You better come over an' take a  
look at this.

They follow him to an air duct on which is chalked a  
triangle over an upside down cross.

OTHER COP:

Looks recent.

HARRY:

Yeah - seal this place off.

DISSOLVE TO:

27. INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE MED. SHOT HARRY CAPTAIN

Harry is pacing up and down in front of the Captain of  
Detectives' desk. The Captain, a heavy man, is sweating  
on this unusually hot fall day.

CAPTAIN:

Would you quit doing that?

HARRY:

Doing what?

CAPTAIN

Walking around like that, you make  
me tired.

HARRY:

Look, damn it, it's where I live -  
right across the street and a block  
from where I live.

CAPTAIN:

No --

HARRY:

You want another killing just like it?

He puts his hands on the desk.

HARRY:

(continuing)

Who you got on it, Callahan, Murphy?  
-- Those guys aren't as good as I  
am an' you know it.

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont.)

CAPTAIN:  
They can control themselves.

HARRY:  
What kind of record's Callahan  
got - How many has he ever brought  
in?

CAPTAIN:  
Not very many - nowhere near twenty-  
two but they were alive, Harry,  
not dead.

HARRY:  
You know as well as I do that I  
never dropped the hammer on a killer  
that didn't need it - and not that I  
didn't get hurt in the process.

CAPTAIN:  
The question is not your courage,  
Harry - there's always some guy that  
gets excited in a fire fight...

HARRY:  
(cutting in)  
...Just the detective work...

CAPTAIN:  
There's a hero...some bastard who  
wants to get killed...in every  
platoon - you're ours.

HARRY:  
I'll carry only a thirty-eight belly  
gun.

CAPTAIN:  
You asked me whether I wanted another  
killing... I don't!

HARRY:  
(exasperated - cutting  
in again)  
You can check me every day...

CAPTAIN:  
The surest way I know of getting  
another killing is letting you loose.

HARRY:  
You don't have to let me loose. Put  
your best man on my back...

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont.1)

HARRY: (Cont.)

Just the detective work -- it's my home...

CAPTAIN:

I've got thirty-two men directly or indirectly - I think they can make up for you.

HARRY:

(quiet - earnest)

Without a good manhunter - I won't feel safe - There's a nut out there - I could get killed!

CUT TO:

28. EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FIELD FULL SHOT POLICE NIGHT

A high school athletic field is lit up and stands have been set up which are sparsely filled with local citizenry. Below are various displays put up by the police department to help orientate the neighborhood to new techniques in law enforcement. The latest defenses against burglary, car thieves, vandalism, riots and murderers. Lit up along the basketball field are various displays showing the step by step procedure in securing one's home while on vacation or a booth showing large illustrations of marijuana plants so that they can be identified and rooted out. Another display is staffed by officers who help in a free neighborhood marksmanship clinic which teaches gun safety and handling. Also a large board detailing the lawful position on when and when not one can shoot an intruder in defense of one's property, life, parking space, etc. A large bald-headed plain-clothesman talks to the group in a friendly manner, stepping from display to display, aided by uniformed cops and flanked by color guards. The man is Detective Sergeant BRESSER.

BRESSER:

The most important things we've gone over tonight are the little things. The small mistakes that almost encourage crime. Keeping your car locked - properly securing your windows - lighting the house when you're away - Fences help - I cannot minimize the importance of a good chain-link fence. And also something to consider in this day and

(CONTINUED)



28 (Cont.)

BRESSER: (Cont.)

age is a dog. Half of our work is done by dogs - whether they are big or small - a barking dog can never be underestimated.

He looks at his watch.

BRESSER:

(continuing)

While we're waiting for the helicopter I'd like to point out that the mere presence of a police helicopter in the air in this area at night has decreased the violent crime rate at least five percent - this not to mention the invaluable work they do in coordinating squad care - fire detection and rescue. The helicopter we also feel will play an important role in riot control.

The NOISE of rotors is heard. Bresser turns as the lighted copter bores in from the distance.

BRESSER:

Feel free to ask any of us anything you need to know. On behalf of myself, Sergeant Galloway and our staff, we thank you for being concerned citizens.

At this point his voice is drowned out by the copter which roars in, hovers, spraying dust and debris about and settles on the football field.

COP:

(with megaphone)

Stay seated please until the rotor blades have stopped. Thank you.

The blades stop and the small crowd files down out of the stands and out towards the copter. The pilot and co-pilot get out and start shaking hands. Everyone starts shaking hands. People stand in line to shake hands with Bresser.

29. MED. SHOT BRESSER PEOPLE

Bresser faces us, people pass shaking his hand.

LADY:

I'm glad you think the way I do about dogs - I have two Dobermans.

(CONTINUED)

29 (Cont.)

BRESSER:  
They're wonderful dogs.

LADY:  
Oh, I think so too.

MAN:  
I wonder if you could help me about  
my boy - I - just don't want him to  
get mixed up in this dope thing -  
kids today are so exposed to -

BRESSER:  
Get him interested in football.

He shakes the man's hand, turns to the next man.

MAN:  
Is it lawful for my daughter to  
carry a hammer in her car?

BRESSER:  
Just as long as it isn't loaded.

No one laughs - he shakes the man's hand. The next one  
steps up.

MAN:  
Hi, I'm Sergeant Harry Ricci - We're  
going to work together and catch a  
killer.

30. EXT. FIELD MED. SHOT HARRY BRESSER

As they walk to the car the helicopter demonstration goes  
on behind them.

BRESSER:  
Look - you outrank me but I just want  
to get one thing straight. I was  
told to keep an eye on you and as far  
as I'm concerned that's what my job  
is. I don't care about your super  
sniper or any of that shit. You  
step out-a-line and I'll report it.  
That's my job - you can do whatever  
you want but you step out-a-line and  
I'll do my job. I just want to make  
that clear.

HARRY:  
All right.

(CONTINUED)

30 (Cont.)

BRESSLER:

No hard feelings starting in.

HARRY:

(smiling)

Can't afford them.

There is an uneasy silence.

HARRY:

That was quite some job you had  
back there.

BRESSLER:

They're decent citizens. You get  
to appreciate decent citizens after  
four years with niggers.

Harry doesn't reply.

BRESSLER:

You ever work niggers?

HARRY:

Once or twice.

BRESSLER:

Well, what'd you think of it?

HARRY:

I never came up against one that  
could shoot too well.

There is another silence.

BRESSLER:

You ever work narco?

HARRY:

Nope.

BRESSLER:

What have you worked?

HARRY:

Homicide - I hunt men with guns...  
- I work homicide - when they let me.

CUT TO:

31. EXT. ROOF CLOSE SHOT HARRY BRESSER DAY  
COP

Harry and Bresser kneel down next to the chalked-in symbol on the air duct of the roof from which the sniper fired. Various other officers from the criminal lab work around them. Various areas are roped or taped off. A technician examines the chalk marking.

HARRY:

Anybody found anything on it?

TECHNICIAN:

No - parts of it could fit certain occult symbols - but it itself doesn't mean anything. Not as far as we can determine.

BRESSER:

I don't think it had anything to do with it - It's just bull shit.

HARRY:

Why?

BRESSER:

Too easy to pre-suppose shit like that. What's important is that he got that big gun out of here.

HARRY:

Killer always likes to leave something behind otherwise nobody'll know who did the work - like an artist signing a painting.

Both men look at him oddly. He gets up and walks over to the wall where more lab technicians and ballistics experts seem to have determined the point of fire. A detective looks up and smiles at Harry.

DETECTIVE:

50 caliber. Just got the lab reports - bullets broke up pretty badly when they hit.

HARRY:

Soft point fifty - I never heard of anything but full metal case, incendiary or armour piercing.

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.)

DETECTIVE:

Can't tell yet - but it looks strange.

TECHNICIAN:

He was using 5010 machine gun powder - that's why it smelled like cordite.

HARRY:

Why you figure he shot from here anyway?

TECHNICIAN:

Powder burns on the asphalt - angulation.

Harry turns away.

HARRY:

What was the range anyway?

TECHNICIAN:

About 1630 yards.

Harry walks further down the roof edge to where a cluster of plumbing is located.

BRESSER:

Hell of a long shot - I can't even see the store from over there.

HARRY:

'Course not - they're in the wrong place.

BRESSER:

What makes you so smart?

HARRY:

I just know what to look for.

He runs his hand along the roof edge.

HARRY;

It was a hot morning - asphalt was soft - where are the tripod marks - I don't think he hand-held something as big as a 50 cal machine gun to get hair splitting accuracy at 1600 yards - Do you?

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.1)

BRESSER:

Well what about the powder?

HARRY:

Could've come from an ejected  
case -

Harry puts his hand on a piece of pipe sticking out of the roof. It looks like all the other pipe except it is bright where it has been newly threaded - Harry follows it to a valve that is tightly shut.

BRESSER:

(to Detectives)

Hey - come over here - we got something.

HARRY:

(almost to himself)

He cut it off - threaded it and mounted his gun - Look you can see the cracks in the asphalt from recoil.

The others cluster around - dusting for prints, etc.

BRESSER:

Maybe he's a plumber.

HARRY:

Yeah a plumber with terrific ballistic knowledge who draws weird symbols on air ducts - We oughta be able to dig one a those up.

A detective comes over with a portable phone unit.

DETECTIVE:

Harry - emergency from Division.

Harry picks up the phone - the others cluster around the new discovery. Bresser watches Harry.

HARRY:

Yeah - Harry here. - No I'm not doing anything - why - No - No not another jumper.

CUT TO:

32. MED. SHOT BLDG. JUMPER POLICE

A man clutches at the smooth side of th

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.)

building - 20 stories. His feet are spread out precariously on a thin ledge. Police are at the nearest windows. He stares wild-eyed into CAMERA. Firemen and crowds are below. Sirens are HEARD. His mouth moves in silent maniacal laughter.

CUT TO:

33. CLOSE SHOT ROOF HARRY

He still has the phone in his hand.

HARRY:

Will he wait - I won't come if he  
won't wait - All right -

He hands the phone back - turns to Bresser shaking his head.

HARRY:

(disgusted)

Let's go - maybe he'll jump  
before we get there.

CUT TO:

34. FULL SHOT HIGH BUILDING FIREMEN HARRY

Bresser's car pulls up, siren blaring. Firemen have ladders ready - cops control the crowds. Firemen hold the traditional rescue net. Harry gets out, laughing at them. The FIRE CHIEF walks over.

CHIEF:

Hi Harry.

HARRY:

Hello Pete.

(pointing to net)

You aren't serious about that thing,  
are you?

CHIEF:

It looks good - People like to see it.  
Have a good time Harry.

HARRY:

Thanks a lot.

He enters building. Bresser close behind.

CUT TO:

35. INT. ROOM MED. SHOT POLICE, HARRY.

Harry enters - a DETECTIVE SERGEANT smiles.

DETECTIVE:

He waited for you, Harry.

HARRY:

They always do. Where's the nearest window to him?

A HOSPITAL ATTENDANT:

That's Dirty Harry - I thought Dirty Harry was a big guy.

DETECTIVE:

He doesn't have to be big - just dirty.

(walks to Harry)

I hate to tell you this, Harry, but there is no window close enough to him. You'd have to yell and you'd lose your style yelling.

HARRY:

You mean --

DETECTIVE:

That's right, it's a wide good ledge and we'll tie ropes around you.

HARRY:

You know how I am about heights.

DETECTIVE:

That's probably why you're so good at it.

36. EXT. WINDOW HARRY, OTHERS

Harry is rigged with all manner of ropes and harnesses. He looks nauseous and terrified.

DETECTIVE:

Go on.

He edges out the window in a state of near panic.

37. EXT. LEDGE MED. SHOT HARRY, JUMPER.

The jumper is in foreground position unchanged. Harry edges towards him along the ledge. When he's about three yards

(CONTINUED)



37 (Cont.)

away the jumper glares at him. Harry stops, holding the wall and not daring to look down.

JUMPER:

(screaming)

Don't you come near me!

HARRY:

You're crazy. This is as close as I get. You're the one that wants to get killed - not me.

The jumper just glares at him, trembling.

HARRY:

You jump, you'll try to grab me for sure. It happens every time. I'm not getting one inch closer. Change your mind at the last minute an' try an' grab me as you go an' you'll miss - I can guarantee you of that - You'll go alone.

JUMPER:

I'm gonna jump!

He turns quickly around the other way to see if anyone was sneaking up on him. Then back to Harry.

JUMPER:

You're not going to grab me?

HARRY:

Hell no - I could get killed that way - squashed to pulp.

JUMPER:

You're not gonna stop me!

HARRY:

Squashed to pulp - I've seen it from the bottom - you can't tell their heads from their feet. It cracks the pavement up too. You ever drop a grapefruit off a bridge or something like that?

JUMPER:

Get away from me!

HARRY:

It makes a kind of star-shaped splatter - your hand could be twenty or thirty feet from the center of the hole.

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont.1)

The jumper is beginning to whine. Harry fumbles for a pocket notebook and pencil. He slips a little and is forced to look down.

HARRY:

Oh God!

He pulls himself together again.

HARRY:

Would you mind giving me your name and address please?

JUMPER:

(an angry shout)

Everybody'll know who I am.

HARRY:

No - no it'll be really hard - I mean identification is damn near impossible - the blood an' all - you can't read the papers. We have to use your teeth - you can save us all a lot of time.

JUMPER:

I'm sick, I'm gettin' sick - Oh God!

HARRY:

You could injure someone puking on 'em this high up. Besides you'll get dizzy and probably fall. You don't wanta fall - you wanta jump don't you?

The jumper looks down, thinking about all this.

38. FULL SHOT JUMPER'S P.O.V.

Below are the firemen with the net - a small spot in the crowd.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

Oh - the net, eh - you looking at the net? I can't look down. They'll run out of the way when you go...no one wants to take a chance on getting hit by someone this high up. Even if you hit it center, you'd just go right through. It's a public relations thing.

## 39. FULL SHOT JUMPER, HARRY

He looks back at Harry.

HARRY:

You'll make a terrible slam when you hit, too. You wouldn't think it would sound like that.

(pause)

Do you have any particular cemetery you like - and...what is your religious affiliation -

## 40. CLOSE SHOT JUMPER

His face contorts as he looks down - twenty stories - his head snaps towards Harry. He is beginning to whimper and shake.

## 41. CLOSE SHOT HARRY

He senses something and starts to move back, edging away more and more, panicky. He recedes in the frame and the jumper comes into it, moving along the ledge towards Harry - both of them towards the window where policemen wait. The jumper is gaining on Harry, intense, maniacal. Harry can retreat no faster. If he looks down, it's all over. The cops at the window reel in Harry's safety line. The jumper gains to within a yard. Their eyes lock.

HARRY:

No, you son-of-a-bitch - no!

He leaps at Harry.

## 42. CLOSE SHOT DIFFERENT ANGLE

Their bodies meet with terrific impact. There is clawing and scratching. They both go over the ledge and dangle - connected by each other's death grip. The line is being pulled in. Harry is suspended over a twenty story drop - looking down! It is almost too much for him, let alone the strangling hold of the jumper. Harry has him by the arm and neck. The jumper bites through Harry's coat - blood runs down his arm. They rise towards the window slowly. There is no sound save a distant almost cheering from the crowd and the desperate breath from the two men. Finally hands reach out, and they are clawed into the building.

43. INT. MED SHOT ROOM . COPS, JUMPER, HARRY

There is general confusion. The two are tangled in Harry's line. Cops grab the jumper, trying to get him in a straight jacket. He is sobbing hysterically. Harry scrambles at him and starts punching his face.

HARRY:  
(shouting hysterically)  
You bastard - you damned bastard -  
you tried to kill me you bastard.

Men rush now to restrain Harry. They pull him away towards foreground. Bresser stands there open mouthed. Harry mumbles.

HARRY:  
I'm all right. I'm all right.

They let him go - he tries to pull himself together, the harness is taken off. Doctors rush to the aid of the jumper.

COP:  
Geez, Harry, you really hit him.

Harry looks at his arm - bloody - his coat ripped.

HARRY:  
(under his breath,  
pretty angry)  
...he bit me...

He breaks away and lunges at the jumper again.

HARRY:  
(screaming)  
Bastard - try to kill me...

He is stopped and held by most of the cops and doctors who have to all but put him in a straight jacket. Bresser really can't quite believe it. He stands, back to us, in foreground.

BRESSER:  
Does he always get like that?

COP:  
Harry hates heights - but he's good -  
really good.

DISSOLVE TO:

44. EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA FULL SHOT NIGHT

A beautiful upper-middle class residential area. The streets are shaded in eucalyptus trees. Few cars move. The houses are warmly lit. Lights flash on outside various houses.

45 - MONTAGE  
50.

People look from their windows. A child stands in a lit doorway, his father cautiously walking out on the lawn. Various neighbors meet on the corner and point off in the direction of a park. Nobody really knows what's happening. Quick shots of the good citizens, their faces strained with curiosity and the hint of fear.

51. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK FULL SHOT

Lights round a corner with the noise of sirens. Four squad cars roar down the street packed with cops, followed by an ambulance. People stare from their windows and fences.

52. PARK FOUNTAIN FULL SHOT POLICE

Lights have been set up around the fountain. Detectives are everywhere. More squad cars arrive each minute. Uniformed cops cordon off the area. Track around the fountain noticing first that the statue in its center is broken, an arm shattered off. Police sit next to a long-haired youth who just stares into space. Medical attendants question him. Pull around further to where a lifeless form lies on the ground. It is covered with a black plastic blanket - nice bare legs protrude from under the plastic. Policemen take pictures - measure distances - mark them in chalk. The area is being taped off. Pull back as Bresser's car pulls up alongside others. Bresser and Harry emerge with other detectives and push their way through.

53. LOW ANGLE SHOT HARRY, BRESSER AT BODY

They stand over body. Harry leans down and pulls away the plastic. Bresser kneels beside him.

HARRY:

(softly)

She's beautiful.

BRESSER:

Another hippy -

(CONTINUED)

53 (Cont.)

HARRY:

Such a Goddamn waste. I hate to see young chicks get killed. Look at that hair.

BRESSER:

I don't like the way they dress - looks dirty. I mean dirty dirty not sexy dirty.

HARRY:

I dig the way young girls wear their hair now.

Harry turns and looks at the edge of the fountain and onto the statue where it is shattered. He stands up and walks over. Detectives gather.

HARRY:

How's the boy?

DETECTIVE:

See for yourself.

Harry walks over to the boy who stares into camera, a medical aide near him.

HARRY:

How many shots?

AIDE:

He can't talk.

HARRY:

(to kid)

She was beautiful, kid - you wanta help us.

The kid glares up at Harry - pure hate on his face as if Harry were the killer.

KID:

What about this?

He holds a squashed flower in his clenched fist.

KID.

(maniacal)

What about this?

DETECTIVE:

I think they were looking at the flowers when she was hit - I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

53 (Cont.1)

Harry turns and walks over to fountain edge and looks at statue again.

BRESSER:

(under his breath)

Kids probably loaded besides all this.

Harry makes this whistling noise of a projectile and plunks his finger at the statue, then turns around. Pan with him to reveal several buildings overlooking the area. All of the near ones have lights moving around on top of them already. He points to a far one - built against a hill.

CUT TO:

54. ROOF OF BUILDING FULLSHOT HARRY, OTHERS.

Harry and Bresser arrive; other detectives already have the roof lit.

DETECTIVE:

We haven't found anything good, Harry.

BRESSER:

You check the plumbing - the guy mounts his gun off of the plumbing.

DETECTIVE:

Nothing.

HARRY:

We'll have a look - this could be the one.

BRESSER:

You guys are morons. Let's get some men on all the other floors. He could have mounted it inside just as easily since no one's here. That would account for a lack of noise too. A room would help silence it.

HARRY:

(going to stairwell)

You're getting good, Bresser. What's your first name?

BRESSER:

Joe -

Harry smiles as the detectives file quickly down the stairwell - lights and guns ready.

CUT TO:

## 55. CLOSE SHOT TOILET HARRY, JOE, OTHERS

An old toilet has been ripped out of a wall, the plumbing exposed and pipes mounted to support another thicker one. This newly is threaded and gleams with oil. A detective crouches next to it.

DETECTIVE:

Here we are.

Others rush in. They are careful not to touch it or the toilet. Harry pushes through.

DETECTIVE:

No window, Harry.

## 56. PULL BACK

Harry stands and looks out the door through which he came. PAN to reveal the stairwell. He looks out another door into another dark room - no window. Bresser walks in and harshly kicks open a door. It crashes back revealing another room with an open window. The city sparkles below. Bresser looks out.

BRESSER:

Sixteen hundred yards - give or take an inch.

HARRY:

You're getting good, Joe.

DISSOLVE TO:

57. INT. CAR CLOSE SHOT HARRY, BRESSER DAY  
P.O.V. BEHIND THEM

Bresser drives. Harry looks over notes.

BRESSER:

You don't wanta check that shooting in San Fernando.

HARRY:

(almost to himself)

It was a .30 calibre rifle - just some nut. One nut sets off a lot of nuts that's why we have to kill 'em. You don't kill 'em, they think they can get away with it.

(CONTINUED)



57 (Cont.)

BRESSLER:

If it was someone else what makes  
this one so important - a sniper's  
a sniper.

HARRY:

This one really knows what he's doing.  
Listen to this....

He reads:

HARRY

(continuing)

Weapons stolen from National Guard  
Armory - Azusa - 2 - August 1970.

He goes down list mumbling to himself.

HARRY:

Thirty - M-14 automat - 55 cal 30  
carbine - 2 81 millimeter mortar -  
(loud)

1 cal 50 machine gun - Browning air  
cooled - no - heavy. Listen to this  
- 1 cal 50 spotting rifle from 105  
mm howitzer. Not bad.

BRESSLER:

Why?

HARRY:

(with rising enthusiasm)

Why - cause it's relatively light -  
it's accurate - and with a twenty or  
thirty power target scope you can  
really hit 'em.

BRESSLER:

They got any leads on the robbery?

HARRY:

Yeah - Panthers - Nazis - radicals.  
Take your pick. Lot of people inter-  
ested in 81 millimeter mortars these  
days.

BRESSLER:

Commies.

58.

EXT. CANYON FULL SHOT

DAY

Harry and Bresser pull up behind several squad cars

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont.)

parked in front of a dirty rundown house. Police are questioning a dirty, balding man at his door. FOLLOW Harry and Bresser up to it.

OTHER DETECTIVE:

Now I don't mean how long you heard the shots for. I mean when did you first hear them?

MAN:

I told you usually in the early morning - sometimes in the late afternoon.

HARRY:

What date?

MAN:

How am I supposed to know. What am I anyway - am I supposed to remember what date this an what date that.

HARRY:

A week - a month.

MAN:

Ummm - couple a weeks I dunno.

DETECTIVE:

How come you never reported this before?

MAN:

Why should I - could a been a hunter or some kids with fireworks - I dunno. Besides - my phone's out a order.

HARRY:

Why?

MAN:

(angry)

Cause they disconnected me, wise guy. Am I supposed to pay for calls I don't make. They can take their phone company and shove it.

HARRY:

How'd you make this call?

MAN:

At the market - I dunno.

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont.1)

HARRY:

I'll give you your dime back.

MAN:

Cost me a god-damn quarter.

HARRY:

Why'd you bother calling?

MAN:

Well with that sniper an all - still,  
a quarter to call the police!

HARRY:

I understand - see this?

He holds out his arm. It is the suit he wore with the  
jumper only it's been cleaned and patched.

MAN:

What?

HARRY:

The rips - they're sewn up now.

MAN:

Yeah.

HARRY:

I got those from a maniac - he  
hit me.

MAN:

Jesus.

HARRY:

I had to pay the cleaning bill  
myself.

MAN:

Jesus.

HARRY:

Where'd the shots come from?

The man points.

MAN:

There.

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont.2)

HARRY:

Where?

The man makes a sweeping gesture taking in all the area being surveyed and the hills beyond.

MAN:

Right there.

Harry nods and they walk.

DISSOLVE TO:

59. OMITTED.

60- MONTAGE

65.

Harry and Bresser walking up hills, through ravines, crawling through and under heavy brush with other cops. Pulling aside bushes and looking under them. Walking, always walking, getting incredibly dirty and tired. Cops come up to them, shake their heads and wipe the sweat from under their hats. Harry and Bresser take a long drink from a canteen, hand it back to the cop and start trudging up another hill.

66. FULL SHOT HILL HARRY, BRESSER

TWILIGHT

Harry sits on a rock atop the hill, looking down at the distant ocean. He starts picking the stickers out of his socks. Bresser is now carrying his jacket. He looks off at the sun setting over a smoggy ocean. He coughs and spits. Both are winded.

BRESSER:

Goddamn smog - can't breathe.

HARRY:

You sound like the kids. You don't wanta sound like the kids, do you?

BRESSER:

What kids?

HARRY:

They're always talking about the smog.

BRESSER:

As my father told me - boy, you can't always be wrong.

(CONTINUED)

66 (Cont.)

He coughs again.

BRESSER:

Goddamn smog.

His walkie-talkie crackles; he puts it to his ear, tired.

BRESSER:

Bresser here - Yeah - you sure -  
just a second.

He turns to Harry.

BRESSER:

They found it - a pipe same as the  
others - an' a target.

HARRY

Where?

BRESSER

(into phone)

Where?

(to Harry)

About a mile or so up the hill.

HARRY

(tired)

Can it wait?

BRESSER

(into phone)

Can you get there by car - no way -  
where's the copter - it is, eh -  
all right.

He looks up the hill. Harry pulls himself up and they  
trudge ahead.

CUT TO:

67. CLOSE SHOT PIPE HARRY, BRESSER, OTHERS

Harry kneels by the pipe. This one is weathered and driven  
into the ground. The threads are rusty.

HARRY:

He hasn't used it in at least a  
month.

He looks out across the hills to where another group of  
policemen can be barely seen. A helicopter drones in  
towards them.

(CONTINUED)

67 (Cont.)

HARRY:  
That's the target.

DETECTIVE:  
Yeah - a car door and pie tins -  
he could hit a dinner plate at  
1600 yards.

HARRY:  
That's really good - really good  
shooting.

They start walking back to car.

HARRY:  
Well, we know one thing for certain,  
sort of.

BRESSER:  
What's that?

HARRY:  
Well, if he doesn't sight in  
somewhere else - he'll have to  
make all his shots at sixteen  
hundred yards or so.

BRESSER:  
He could re-adjust his sights.

HARRY:  
You can't get that kind of accuracy  
without testing your load.

68. OMITTED.

69. EXT. APARTMENT FULL SHOT HARRY, BRESSER, KIDS  
NIGHT

They get out of their unmarked but very obvious police car  
in front of a typical stucco apartment complex. Some long  
haired kids are sitting on the lawn patching surfboards.  
Harry doesn't look at them, but Bresser stares.

70. INT. HALLWAY FULL SHOT

Harry and Bresser walk down the hallway past several apart-  
ments. From somewhere comes loud hard rock music. Harry  
takes out a key and opens the door.

## 71. MED. SHOT HARRY'S APARTMENT

They walk into Harry's apartment. It is a normal cheap new furnished apartment. The walls are devoid of paintings or pictures. In their place are framed citations for bravery above and beyond the call of duty. Bresser looks around. Harry takes off his coat and throws it on a chair. Bresser goes over and starts reading one of the citations.

BRESSER:

(to himself; mumbling)

....entered the felon's room drawing his direct fire from accompanying officers and returned fire effectively disabling felon.

HARRY:

I killed the bastard, that's what it means.

He points around.

HARRY:

I killed all of 'em. Only two or three needed more than one shot... You want a beer or some drink?

Bresser just stares at the citations.

HARRY:

(continuing)

They were all killers - maniacs. I got them, but it took a lot of leg work - like today.

BRESSER:

I've never seen so many.

HARRY:

Leg work - that's how you get 'em.

He goes to the refrigerator in his kitchenette and gets a couple of beers - sits down at the breakfast table, one end of which Harry is using as a reloading bench. A loud rock song comes through the thin walls. Bresser frowns.

HARRY:

Kids next door - surfers - always tan. You should see their girl friends. Great little sixteen-year-olds - beautiful.

Bresser notices a framed picture of an attractive secretary type girl on Harry's table.

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.)

BRESSER:  
You're not married?

HARRY:  
Naw.

BRESSER:  
(sitting down)  
Were you ever?

HARRY:  
Sure - I've been married and had  
kids both.

BRESSER:  
That your girl?

HARRY:  
She was a divorcee I met at a go-go  
joint. You would be surprised how  
much that night ended up costing me.

BRESSER:  
You don't see her anymore?

HARRY:  
She went back to her husband. Said  
our politics didn't agree - what the  
hell do I care about politics...  
I can get 'em here. I just can't  
keep 'em here.

Harry spreads out a map on the table, shoves aside boxes  
of bullets, cannisters of powder.

HARRY:  
I want you to see something here,  
Joe - you're gonna think I'm crazy -  
but so is our killer - so you just  
hear me out.

Joe leans closer.

72. CLOSE ON MAP

Harry has two areas circled in red and two major streets  
that are cross marked also.

HARRY:  
Make any sense to you?

(CONTINUED)



72 (Cont.)

BRESSER:

No.

He points to circled areas.

BRESSER:

That's where the shootings were,  
- that supposed to be a sixteen  
hundred yard circle?

HARRY:

No, I just marked 'em that's all.  
Doesn't any of the rest of it make  
sense?

BRESSER:

No.

Harry puts a can of beer on a marked area.

HARRY:

The first killing - a high rise  
office building - only one that  
high in miles.

He moves a box of bullets and a salt shaker to the second  
spot.

HARRY:

The second shooting - Building on  
a hill - drop to target - the same.

Harry looks up and smiles at Joe.

HARRY:

Now here's the ripper --

He takes Joe's beer out of his hand, plus a couple of empty  
cans - puts them on the map.

HARRY:

The only other high rises in the  
area that would offer a similar  
trajectory.

He moves them away, draws a circle around the area lines  
between the three creating a perfect triangle between the  
three with an intersection of two large streets in the  
center making a cross.

HARRY:

It's the symbol he left on the  
first building.

(CONTINUED)

72 (Cont.1)

BRESSER:

It's crazy.

Harry turns and pounds on the wall.

HARRY:

(screaming)

Turn that crap down.

(to himself)

They call that music.

Another record goes on - louder.

73. DIFFERENT ANGLE

Harry gets up angry and goes for the door. Bresser follows with his beer.

74. MED. SHOT HALLWAY

The two detectives slam out into the hallway - walk down to the next door and open it without knocking. TRACK with them into the doorway.

75. FULL SHOT ROOM SURFERS, GIRLS

Hippy-type surfers and a girl or two sit around a room just like Harry's, only this one is bare of furniture and has only mattresses. The center of the room has racks on which two surfboards are being made. Piles of foam and heaps of fiberglass on the floor. The room is filled with marijuana smoke. The kids openly hold joints and look up at Harry somewhat startled but not the least bit alarmed.

HARRY:

(loud)

Didn't you hear me?

One of them turns down the record player - holding smoke in his lungs - he talks in a constrained manner.

KID:

No. What'd you do?

HARRY:

I just half bashed in the wall yelling at you to turn that fucking thing down.

(CONTINUED)

75 (Cont.)

Bresser has been taking this all in as best he can and has gone so far as to reach into his coat and sniff the air like a bird dog.

HARRY:

(yelling)

You keep playing that crap loud  
like that an' someone's gonna call  
the cops an' you'll get busted.

He turns and almost bumps into Bresser who is about to clean up a dope-ring.

HARRY:

(to Bresser)

C'mon.

KID:

(letting smoke out)

Just a second, Harry -

He goes to ice box and gets a carton of butter and bottle of milk - brings them to Harry.

KID:

Milkman left them for you.

HARRY:

(embarrassed)

Thanks - would a rotted or melted  
or something -

(pause)

Who sewed my jacket up?

ANOTHER KID:

That chick Linda - the tall one  
you dug.

HARRY:

Where is she - I'd - like to thank  
her.

OTHER KID:

She split.

HARRY:

Split?

KID:

We went surfing, came back, she  
was gone.

(CONTINUED)

75 (Cont.1)

HARRY:

You let a check like that walk out  
of here 'cause of some goddamn waves?

OTHER KID:

A swell like that comes once every  
two or three years. Chicks are  
always around.

Harry nods at this.

HARRY:

Just keep that crap down - I'm  
tired.

He walks out, pushing Joe and closes the door.

BRESSER:

Those kids were on dope.

HARRY:

(hard)

Don't you bug those kids - they're  
okay.

76. MED. SHOT HALLWAY

They walk back to Harry's apartment - an old lady stands  
there.

LADY:

I've been living in Mrs. Rappaport's  
apartment all week. I'm Mrs.  
Rappaport's niece. And I tell  
you I can't stand it any longer,  
I'm going to call the police.

HARRY:

I'm the police, ma'am.

He takes out his badge - she gasps.

HARRY:

(dead serious)

Don't worry about it - we're watch-  
ing them.

She nods in fearful understanding and goes back down the  
stairs. Harry smiles.

(CONTINUED)

76 (Cont.)

BRESSLER:

They were breaking the law - it's  
your duty to...

HARRY:

...there's a sniper to kill an'  
you wanta bust kids for smoking  
dope.

TRACK with them.

BRESSLER:

They're breaking the law.

HARRY:

Somebody has to, otherwise you'd  
have nothing to do. Besides you're  
not on narco now, Bresser, and  
neither am I - if I was - I'd bust  
their ass so bad -  
(to himself)  
playing that crap anytime of the  
night - no respect.

Harry chugs his beer, spilling part of it over his shirt.  
Bresser is uneasy. They enter Harry's apartment. Door  
slams.

77. EXT. ROOFTOP #2 FULL SHOT HARRY, BRESSER DAY

They look from a large office building over several more  
nearby apartments and office buildings.

HARRY:

You got the range-finder?

Bresser takes a range-finding scope out of a bag. Harry  
takes a pair of binoculars and looks around.

78. P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS CITY STREETS

Harry scans the streets below - few people are moving -  
he stops on a laundromat.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

Laundromat. See it.

(CONTINUED)

78 (Cont.)

BRESSLER:

(v.o.)

Yeah.

(pause)

Nine hundred meters.

We sweep by cars and gas stations.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

Couldn't count on a static shot  
anyway.

Covers freeway on-ramp and bus stop.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

Bus stop - has to be young girl -  
couldn't count on it there.

BRESSLER:

(v.o.)

Eleven hundred meters - one shot'd  
be blocked from any but this  
building.

He sweeps a street and locks on a small mod dress-shop.

HARRY:

(v.o.; excited)

Dress-shop. Out over the houses.

BRESSLER:

(v.o.)

Yeah, I see it.

Harry swings past down the street a little and comes to  
a movie theatre.

HARRY:

(v.o.; to himself)

Holy shit.

BRESSLER:

(v.o.)

Dress shop is eighteen...

(CONTINUED)

78 (Cont.1)

HARRY:

(v.o.)

Forget it - movie theatre.

There is silence. Harry is locked onto movie theatre.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

I know that place. Kids are always lining up there.

BRESSER:

(v.o.)

Sixteen hundred and fifty meters about - sixteen hundred and fifty yards from the other buildings.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

That's it.

79. CLOSE SHOT BRESSER, HARRY

Bresser's face is filled with disbelief, almost laughing.

BRESSER:

(getting furious)

So it's sixteen hundred yards.  
Could be anywhere in this city.  
You get up on any building an'  
you'll find something sixteen  
hundred yards away to shoot at.

HARRY:

Okay. You go out and find him.  
You got a better lead - I got a hunch.

BRESSER:

You're crazy.

(CONTINUED)

79 (Cont.)

HARRY:

So is he.

BRESSER:

All right. Then I'll phone it in.

HARRY:

You do that an' they'll blow the whole thing. They always do. We're gonna run a stakeout. We'll make up a story.

BRESSER:

(sarcastic)

An' we just sit here.

HARRY:

If he sets up, we get him.

BRESSER:

What if we don't see him set up?

HARRY:

We see the flash or we hear him - then we get him - he's dead either way.

BRESSER:

So is some girl down there...

HARRY:

She'd be dead anyway an' more if we blow the whistle. He'd just go to another neighborhood an' start all over again.

Bresser can't accept the cold logic but he knows there's nothing else to do. He's been trained to protect people - now he has to let one die. Harry sees this - puts his hand on his shoulder.

HARRY:

He may never come, Joe. It's all speculation anyway.

Joe nods.

BRESSER:

All right - whata you want me to do?

(CONTINUED)



79 (Cont.1)

HARRY:

You're supposed to keep me in line.  
Report in every so often an'  
keep them off our backs. We're  
gonna need a couple of powerful  
spotting scopes - an' a sun-gun.  
You go back an' get it. Stop  
and get two buckets of the Colonel's  
Chickens.

Bresser starts to leave.

HARRY:

(continuing)

Get some sleeping bags an' air  
mattresses too.

DISSOLVE TO:

80. FULL SHOT ROOFTOP BRESSER DAY  
P.O.V. BEHIND BRESSER

He watches Harry on the roof of another building. Harry looks around checking the angles to the movie house and outcroppings of plumbing. He finds a suitable place and waves his hands to Bresser. Bresser waves back.

81. SAME SHOT HARRY, BRESSER NIGHT

Bresser is adjusting a sun-gun searchlight on a tripod. Harry is eating fried chicken and looking over massive rifle bullets. He sits on a bunting stool and cradles a cased rifle on his lap.

HARRY:

(eating)

Next time just get thighs and  
breasts - leave out the wings  
and legs.

BRESSER:

I like the wings.

HARRY:

So - get the wings too.

He picks up a cartridge.

BRESSER:

What the hell is that big bastard?

(CONTINUED)

81 (Cont.)

HARRY:  
.458 Winchester Magnum.

He hands it to Bresser.

HARRY:  
(chewing on thigh)  
510 grain steel jacketed solid  
5000 lbs. of muzzle energy.

He wipes his hands and quickly unzips the case. A beautiful heavy barreled bunting rifle with a scope is exposed. He hands it to Bresser.

BRESSER:  
(looking at hugh bore)  
Jesus -

He puts it to his shoulder.

BRESSER:  
It's heavy, what's it weigh?

HARRY:  
10 lbs. - has to - kicks like  
all hell. It was made for elephants -  
look at that wood.

BRESSER:  
Whata you want a goddamn elephant  
gun for?

HARRY:  
Well, he's probably got a 50 cal.  
machine gun. It's only fair.  
Besides, if he gets behind those  
pipes or something, I know I can  
penetrate.

BRESSER:  
What am I supposed to shoot?

HARRY:  
You hold the light and draw his  
fire.

He picks up another piece of chicken.

DISSOLVE TO:

82. FULL SHOT MOVIE HOUSE... CROWD  
P.O.V. SPOTTING SCOPE

NIGHT

Kids are lined up. There are a lot of especially nice looking young girls.

CUT TO:

83. CLOSE SHOT HARRY

Looking through scope. Harry rubs his eyes. Bresser is sleeping behind him. Harry looks over - Bresser is snoring. Harry crawls over to a bag and takes out another scope - mounts it on its tripod, - he looks through it.

84. OMITTED.

85. MONTAGE P.O.V. SCOPE

Various apartment windows - a man reading.

CUT TO:

86. AN OLDER WOMAN WATCHING TELEVISION

CUT TO:

87. THE END OF A TABLE REVEALING SOME MEN PLAYING CARDS

CUT TO:

88. BATHROOM WINDOW FROM HIGH ANGLE

A young woman is washing her hair. She has a bra on - the angle obscures the rest of her.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

Yeah.

She washes it, rubs with a towel, then turns around and undoes her bra.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

Fine.

(CONTINUED)

88 (Cont.)

She moves out of window and light goes out.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

Shit.

DISSOLVE TO:

89. FULL SHOT ROOF

DAY

Bresser is dirty - tired - he rubs his back and shivers in the early morning cold. Harry is just waking up.

HARRY:

How was it?

BRESSER:

Cold - nothing - whata you expect - why don't we go inside to sleep in the late night an' early mornings - we got till the matinee.

HARRY:

He could set up at any time - doesn't have to have targets to set up.

Bresser nods.

BRESSER:

Probably a bunch of bullshit anyway.

HARRY:

Well nobody's been killed since we've been here.

Bresser shakes his head.

BRESSER:

(sarcastic)

Well, one thing Harry, you've really done a good job protecting that neighborhood movie house.

DISSOLVE TO:

90. MED, SHOT ROOF TOP

NIGHT

They sit quietly staring up at the sky. It's a beautiful night.

HARRY:

Don't you see?

BRESSER:

I never could see it.

HARRY:

Right there, the handle, there's the big dipper over there.

(long pause as  
he stares)

BRESSER:

Nope. You can't usually see the stars in the city anyway.

HARRY:

The wind this morning blew some of the smog away.

BRESSER:

Yeah, I guess that's it. You want some more chicken?

HARRY:

I hate chicken. Let's get tacos next.

BRESSER:

Yeah. That'd be good.

He looks through scopes.

BRESSER:

You know, Harry, I've been thinking...

HARRY:

Yeah...

BRESSER:

I've never had a citation.

HARRY:

So.

(CONTINUED)

90 (Cont.)

BRESSER:

What I mean is - I never killed a man on service. I dropped the hammer once but there were a lot of other guys firing too - an' the guy was only wounded.

HARRY:

Was he shooting back?

BRESSER:

Oh yes. He hit me with a shotgun pellet - ricochet - he was a killer all right - got off too.

HARRY:

That's why I finish 'em. I mean it's like a dog with rabies. A mad dog. Once it's infected you have to get rid of it. You can't cure it. You can't reason with it. You ever reasoned with a rabid dog?

BRESSER:

C'mon Harry, you think you can be the judge and jury. What do you think prisons are for?

HARRY:

You ever been in a prison?

Bresser shakes his head.

HARRY:

(continuing)

Prisons are the worst place in the world. They don't have enough for good prisons - they spend too much on court trials for crazy murderers. Prisons don't work anyway - a kid goes to prison for car theft - he meets murderers - they bugger him - that's right - they bugger him - all the time. Then the kid - he buggers the new kids that come in. They all bugger each other - like mad dogs. That's what they come out as, mad dogs. I have to

(CONTINUED)

90 (Cont.1)

HARRY: (Cont.)  
put 'em out of their misery sort  
of. An' you hear this crap about  
prisons not being a place for  
punishment. Re-ha-bil-itation  
they call it. Shit. Hey, you  
ever see an execution?

BRESSER:  
No.

HARRY:  
It takes fourteen minutes of  
gas - while they hold their  
breath - gasp - convulse -  
gag - vomit and twitch -  
turn blue - I hit good with a  
44 Magnum and it's all over now.  
Doesn't cost more than a cartridge  
or two.

BRESSER:  
I think some people are born  
criminals.

HARRY:  
I don't know - maybe they're just  
born rotten - I believe in that  
too. There's good an' evil an'  
it's survival of the fittest.

He points out at the city.

HARRY:  
(continuing)  
Anyway, we have to protect them  
an' that's why we have to be  
better.

BRESSER:  
(laughing)  
Better! What's this better crap?

HARRY:  
Better shots!

There is silence for a second.

HARRY:  
What was it you were going to  
ask me anyway before we got

(CONTINUED)

90 (Cont. 2)

HARRY: (Cont.)  
started on all this?

BRESSER:  
I don't know - forgot - doesn't  
matter anyway.

Harry stretches and takes a look through one of the scopes he has set up to look in windows on the adjacent apartment building. There is a party going on apparently because rock music blares out and people can be heard laughing occasionally.

91. P.O.V. THROUGH SCOPE

Pull up over dark windows - a few lit over but waiting to see. Just below the roof there is a dimly lit penthouse apartment with a balcony. Harry almost passes this and comes back suddenly revealing a couple embracing passionately on the balcony.

BRESSER:  
(v.o.)  
That big penthouse over there's  
where the music's coming from.

HARRY:  
(v.o.)  
Yeah - I see.

BRESSER:  
(v.o.)  
If you find anything let me know.

The couple squirm and writhe, the man is working his hand up over the girl's thighs.

HARRY:  
(v.o.)  
Would I hold out on you?

They are really going at it now. Her mini dress is up above her waist and he is trying to undo it from the back. She has great legs.

BRESSER:  
(v.o.)  
What're you looking at?

(CONTINUED)



91 (Cont.)

HARRY:

(v.o.)

Nothing - though I saw a chick -  
check the movie house - show should  
be letting out.

She pulls the dress over her head and stands in her bra  
and panties. She starts to unbutton his shirt.

BRESSER:

(v.o.)

It doesn't get out for a half hour  
or so. What're you looking at?  
Let me see.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

No. Check the roof - he could  
be setting it up.

The man leads her into the glassed in patio.

HARRY:

(v.o.; almost to  
himself)

Yeah -- setting it up.

Through the glass we can still see their figures - lit by  
a dim blue lamp. She lies down on a couch arching her  
back and pulling him towards her.

HARRY:

(v.o.; to himself)

Yeah, that's fine.

He decides perhaps the bedroom would be better and pulls  
her up.

HARRY:

(v.o.; to himself)

No - no.

He carries her out of sight to an adjacent bedroom. The  
scope frantically searches for a window - trying to find  
them. Harry swings too far over - off the end of the  
building -- pulling back he is high and passes something  
moving on the roof it is out of focus. Pulls back  
on another window - the bedroom - sure enough - another  
light - he can see her legs.

92. CLOSE SHOT HARRY

realizes he passed something on the roof.

92A. THROUGH SCOPE

He pulls back to the roof and the focus changes. A man crouches over a giant gun.

HARRY:

(frantic)

Joe!

93. CLOSE SHOT HARRY, JOE

Joe scrambles over, Harry just motions.

BRESSER:

You find a chick?

Harry grabs him, puts his hand over Joe's mouth and pulls him down low -- pointing back at the roof.

HARRY:

(whispering frantically)

It's him, Joe. He came. He came.

BRESSER:

Who - wh...

Suddenly Joe realizes and freezes. Harry motions - Joe crawls over for the sun-gun. Harry pulls up his .458 Magnum from the case - grabs a handfull of extra cartridges.

BRESSER:

(whispering)

Where?

HARRY:

(whispering)

The edge - just back from the corner - take a quick look - keep low.

Joe looks quickly through the scope - then with the naked eye - pulls the sun-gun over.

HARRY:

You go it?

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.)

BRESSER:

I think so. I'll have to adjust  
once the light's on.

Harry crouches against a large water-tank for support.

HARRY:

You see him good.

BRESSER:

Yeah - I'm ready.

There's a moment of silence, no noise save the blaring  
rock and roll music from across the way.

94. CLOSE SHOT HARRY'S HAND-RIFLE

He flicks the safety with an audible click.

95. CLOSE HARRY

HARRY:

Now!

He raises the rifle.

96. CLOSE SHOT BRESSER

He raises the light - it flashes on - glaring hot.

97 -

102. FULL SHOT P.O.V. HARRY (thru scope)

The light falls to the left of the killer. There is a  
frantic movement. Bresser adjusts - the man scrambles  
behind the plumbing and wheels the big gun around. Harry  
fires - a tremendous roar and crashing whine as the heavy  
slug ricochets off the plumbing taking some metal with it.  
Harry works the bolt and sights again.

BRESSER:

Low!

103. P.O.V. THROUGH HARRY'S SCOPE

Killer is aiming directly at him. Scope drops as killer  
blasts.

## 104. FULL SHOT HARRY AND BRESSER

A huge chunk of the water tank's top is blown away - the slug ricochets screaming into the night. Harry lines and fires - almost knocking himself over from the recoil. He works the bolt and fires again. Another bullet from the killer's big fifty whines off the top of the tank.

HARRY:

(shouting)

Keep on him, Joe! He is sighted too high.

105-  
118. P.O.V. HARRY (THROUGH SCOPE)

He blasts again - blowing a hunk of metal from the plumbing and apparently sending fragments at the killer - who dives from his gun.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

He's down!

The killer scrambles close to the roof wall. Lights are going on everywhere - people rush to balconies. Others shut their windows. There is widespread screaming in the distance but no one turns the rock and roll off. Harry jams four more cartridges into the magazine and flicks the bolt like a timed machine. He blasts at the wall sending dust and debris ten feet into the air. Works the bolt and blasts a hole the size of a basketball in the wall - chambers and fires again bracketing where he last saw the man. Bresser is holding the light well. Harry lines, blasts again off the corner edge of the building. He searches into his pocket for more cartridges - fumbles wildly.

BRESSER:

There he is.

The killer knows Harry has to reload. He dives for the mounted gun and pulls it down.

## 119. CLOSE SHOT HARRY

He dives and scrambles for his extra cartridges. Bresser looks through spotting scope - the sun-gun in his right hand.

BRESSER:

He's on us.

He dives to the ground. There is a tremendous burst as a huge hole is ripped in the water tank just above them. Water explodes out in a fire hose spray. Harry, on his back,

(CONTINUED)

119 (Cont.)

reloads his rifle. Another blast - more water pours down on them. Harry flips the bolt closed. He looks quickly at Bresser and throws him his 44 mag. pistol. They both lean up firing as a third blast smashes through the wall, fragments take out Bresser's light and the entire bottom of the tank gives way inundating them with a wave of water that almost hurls them over the roof.

120. MEDIUM SHOT HARRY

He rolls end over end in the water and comes up rifle ready, looking frantically for the killer.

121. P.O.V. HARRY

No one can be seen on the other roof.

CUT TO:

122. FULL SHOT HALLWAY PEOPLE, HARRY, JOE

They brush through startled people in hallway. They are soaking wet carrying shotguns. They rush to the roof door. Sirens HEARD in the distance.

123. DIFFERENT ANGLE

Harry kicks it open. TRACK WITH THEM as they bound across the roof - low guns ready. There's no one. Joe goes tearing back downstairs as more sirens are HEARD. Harry moves to the big gun. He lines on it - approaches stealthily. There is screaming and pandemonium below. The huge gun is locked on the remains of the water tower, its scope-sight shattered by bullet fragments. Harry stands over it.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

50 cal. Browning Spotting Rifle - off  
a 105 m.m. Howitzer.

124. INT. CLOSE SHOT LAB. BULLET HARRY DAY

One of the fifty caliber loaded cartridges is held on a lathe-like device. A Police Ballistician carefully removes the bullet. PULL BACK on Harry, Bresser and other detectives looking over. The bullet is removed - the powder spills into a pan below. The projectile is carved with an X on its head.

(CONTINUED)

124 (Cont.)

HARRY:

He reloaded that perfectly. Did you see how the charge was compressed?

BALLISTICIAN:

The cuts in the head are so perfect as to probably even help stabilize it. I don't know, but it sure opened it up fast when it hit.

Harry shakes his head - smiling to himself.

HARRY:

He was perfect.

125. DIFFERENT ANGLE LAB.

Harry walks over to where they have the enormous long barrelled gun mounted. Fingerprint experts are going over it.

HARRY:

They won't find anything - he was a nut. Nuts always have clean records. Besides, looked like he wore gloves.

He walks around the gun.

HARRY:

(continuing)

Look at that improvised sound suppressor - see how the slots are cut - probably took out some of the recoil too.

BRESSER:

Didn't matter, he had it mounted so well - Is that suppressor Army issue?

HARRY:

No. Sure is good workmanship - so is the rest of the mount.

Thinks about it - smiles to himself.

HARRY:

No - he must have made that himself.

BRESSER:

Thing weighs a ton. He probably took it up piece by piece. He was probably there five times while we were eating that chicken an' looking at the other place..

(CONTINUED)

125 (Cont.)

HARRY:

See that - those things never had scopes like that - that's a target scope - special heavy springs to return it to battery every time.

BRESSLER:

He'll just go an' get himself a rifle and start all over again.

HARRY:

No - I don't think so.

BRESSLER:

Wouldn't you, Harry?

HARRY:

No I wouldn't and I don't think he will. He's special. That gun's special. He likes military stuff. Now you realize he had us out-gunned?  
(laughs)  
He's a nut.

Harry gets behind the mounted 50 cal. and begins to sight through the scope as he simulates shooting it.

BRESSLER:

Nut? Well hell, Harry, you were shooting at him with an elephant gun.

HARRY:

It's the best I could do - I can't get this kinda stuff. They won't let me.

CUT TO:

126. FULL SHOT INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE CAPTAIN, DETECTIVES

They all mumble and file around a desk looking at pictures, etc. Harry enters with Bressler. Everybody is quiet and serious, their faces hard.

HARRY:

What's the serious crap - I did all right didn't I?

CAPTAIN:

You did fine Harry - just fine.

(CONTINUED)

126 (Cont.)

HARRY:

Well, I'm sorry I missed but there was a lot a stuff in my way - at least he didn't get another girl.

CAPTAIN:

He did get another girl, Harry.

Harry stops.

CAPTAIN:

(continuing)

Kidnapped her this morning - fourteen years old - she hitched a ride with him.

BRESSER:

Stupid kids - they know what's going on an' they still -

Captain hands Harry a photograph.

127. CLOSE SHOT PHOTOGRAPH

An innocent young girl no more than twelve - just starting to develop.

CAPTAIN:

(v.o.)

Of course she doesn't look like that any more - her parents haven't seen her very often in the last six months.

DETECTIVE:

(v.o.)

Name was Sheri Deacon - was booked on a loitering charge a month or so ago.

He hands him another photograph - this one of a blank-faced, long-haired hippie girl - hardly recognizable from the previous one.

128. MED. SHOT ROOM HARRY, CAPTAIN, OTHERS

Harry looks at the photos - throws them on the table.

HARRY:

He call in that he had her?

CAPTAIN:

That's right - phone booth right off the San Diego Freeway - no prints but he left this.

He points at table where a note and shoe box lie.



## 129. CLOSE ON CONTENTS OF BOX

Harry reads as Bresser checks out contents of box in MOVING CLOSE SHOT.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

Sheri Deacon - Buried alive in good clean earth - Oxygen till 7 A.M. tomorrow morning - Mole on left thigh - nice body - healthy.

## 130. CLOSE HARRY

HARRY:

(v.o.)

How do you know it's not someone else?

CAPTAIN:

(v.o.)

Turn the box over.

PULL BACK. He does - there is the symbol of the triangle and the cross. Harry keeps reading as CAMERA MOVES UP to his face.

HARRY:

(mumbling)

Ransom \$250,000 - tens - twenties - one man - yellow bag - corner Wilshire and Vermont - Three P.M.

(turns to Captain)

She's already dead you know - she's already dead.

## 131. CLOSE ON NOTE BEING THROWN ON TABLE

Note lies on table:

No foolishness - I don't like foolishness - She will die of slow suffocation and that's not nice.

- The Snipist

CAPTAIN:

(v.o.)

Maybe, but if you're wrong it could mean slow suffocation for the kid.

HARRY:

Look how he signed it - The Snipist.

BRESSER:

Well it's original.

132. FULL SHOT HARRY, OTHERS

HARRY:

Dead - cold dead - no way.

CAPTAIN:

We've got no choice - the Mayor's Office wants the money paid plain and simple.

HARRY:

Who's going to be the bagman?

CAPTAIN:

Don't know yet. I've had some volunteers.

HARRY:

Some volunteers, eh?

CAPTAIN:

Whoever goes - goes unarmed. He's on his own. No tails - no backup - no nothing. I don't know how he'll do the contacting. We'll have people watching from the beginning, but he'll run them out of sight. He's good.

HARRY:

Yeah, he is.

CAPTAIN:

One thing you know and that is - he'll be watching. We have to deliver the money - find the kid. The Mayor's office wants the kid back alive.

HARRY:

But you know she's already dead.

CAPTAIN:

No I don't - but when we know she's safe or dead for sure - then we can get him, but we have to know.

Harry seems impatient.

HARRY:

All right - all right - but I want a crack at him if all goes well.

(CONTINUED)

132 (Cont.)

CAPTAIN:

If all goes well...

(thinking)

...yeah...Harry you wouldn't have  
a loaded gun.

HARRY:

I'll figure something out.

The Captain looks at Harry, disgusted.

CAPTAIN:

He could take the easy way and just  
blow your brains out in a dark place.  
He'd have the money, no risk.

HARRY:

Yeah - sure - when do I go?

CAPTAIN:

About an hour.

133. OMITTED.

134. CLOSE SHOT BAG

It's made of leather. It looks heavy - it ought to be -  
containing \$250,000.

135. MED. SHOT ROOM HARRY, OTHERS

The Captain opens the bag quickly, revealing the money, then  
zips it back up.

CAPTAIN:

You have to sign for it.

HARRY:

Sure, I'll sign for it.

(he picks up the  
bag)You never pay for what happens to  
my suits - bullet holes - maniac  
bites - this is fair compensation...  
If he doesn't contact me, can I get  
a new coat?

CAPTAIN:

Get out of here.

DISSOLVE TO:

136. INT. PARKING AREA CLOSE SHOT HARRY, DRIVER

Harry stands next to an unmarked car, another DETECTIVE at the wheel. He puts the bag in the back seat - straightens up and pulls his 44 magnum from his shoulder holster - opens it - empties it, hands the cartridges to another detective; puts it back.

DETECTIVE:

Belly gun.

Harry shrugs.

HARRY:

I never carry a --

The detective slaps him on his side.

DETECTIVE:

Take it out. If I can find it,  
so can he.

Harry reaches into the side of his pants and pulls out a flat two shot 22 cal. magnum derringer - he shrugs. The detective frisks him thoroughly.

DETECTIVE:

All right.

Harry reaches behind and down his back and pulls out a thin stilleto-like throwing knife.

DETECTIVE:

Okay, you can keep that.

Harry smiles and contorts himself to put it back. At that moment Bresser rushes up.

BRESSER:

I've gotta talk to Harry alone.

DETECTIVE:

All right.

Bresser puts his arm around Harry and leads him away to some other cars.

(CCNTINUED)

136 (Cont.)

BRESSLER:

Look Harry - I don't know what  
to say - I mean I've learned a  
lot these last couple of days.

When they are out of earshot of the others:

BRESSLER:

(quiet)

My hand.

Harry looks at it. Bressler's hand around his shoulder has  
a small black microphone-like thing.

BRESSLER:

Shake my hand and put it in your  
pocket. Transfer it to your shirt  
pocket later.

HARRY:

They can get your ass for this.

BRESSLER:

I'll be able to hear you sweat from  
a mile or better.

HARRY:

It's against the law you know.

BRESSLER:

I'm glad you care, Harry.

CUT TO:

137. EXT. STREET FULL SHOT

DAY

Harry walks along the crowded sidewalk. He puts his hand  
inside his jacket, adjusting the "bug".

HARRY:

(almost to  
himself)

Joe - testing - one - two -  
three - Joe.

He passes a number of phone booths, looks around waiting,  
watching. He puts the bag down between his feet and  
stretches. A phone RINGS in the booths behind him. He  
pays it no mention for a second - then realizes.

## 138. FULL SHOT BOOTHS

Harry rushes to them - goes in the wrong one first, then finally gets the right one. Lifts the receiver. CLOSE on him.

HARRY:

Hello.

KILLER'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

Hi.

HARRY:

Are you him?

KILLER:

(o.s.)

Probably - are you the man with the yellow bag?

HARRY:

That's right.

Suddenly he remembers that the bag is sitting on the sidewalk - PAN TO REVEAL it. People walking by looking at it.

HARRY:

(frantic)

Hey - can you wait a minute - just a second -

He drops the receiver and bolts out - gets the bag and runs back.

HARRY:

(breathing hard)

Geez - I left it on the sidewalk for a minute - somebody could have just walked away with it.

KILLER:

(o.s.)

That wouldn't have been nice - What's your name?

HARRY:

Ricci - Harry Ricci - What's yours - sorry - I mean you don't have to tell me if you don't want to.

KILLER:

(o.s.)

I don't want to - What are you?

(CONTINUED)

138 (Cont.)

HARRY:

Police officer.

There is silence - Harry waiting - suddenly afraid the man will hang up. Harry waits a long time.

KILLER:

(o.s.)

All right, Police Officer - I'm going to make you run - you understand that?

HARRY:

What a you mean?

KILLER:

(o.s.)

You go from phone to phone - you'll have just enough time to get there. I ring four times - if you don't answer - the girl will smother.

HARRY:

Look - I don't have a car.

KILLER:

If you're not there - the girl will not breathe. If I even think there's any foolishness she will not breathe. I'll be watching you - not all the time - but enough - I may even be watching you now.

He laughs hysterically.

KILLER:

(continuing)

Get going - Standard Station, Eighth and Crescent in fifteen minutes - That'll be a slow jog -

There is the SOUND of the phone being hung up at the other end, Harry bursts out, running.

CUT TO:

139. FULL SHOT STREET HARRY

Harry runs fast, brushing by people, slamming into them with bag.

140. DIFFERENT ANGLE HARRY

He runs slower - winded - TRACK with him; people stare. He bumps into some old women scattering them.

141. MED. SHOT PHONE BOOTH HARRY

Harry running up hill in distance, when he gets twenty yards away the phone RINGS. Harry sprints but he's all but broken. On the fourth ring he crashes into booth and pulls off receiver..

142. CLOSE SHOT BOOTH HARRY

He is collapsed against the seat, barely holding the phone to his ear - his breath heaving, almost coughing, his lungs scorched by the smog. He can't talk.

KILLER:

(o.s.; through phone)

Hello -

Harry tries to speak but it comes out a cough.

KILLER:

(o.s.)

Hello - Harry?

HARRY:

(exhausted)

Yeah.

KILLER:

I can hear your breathing, you're in terrible shape.

HARRY:

Will you -

He can't get anymore out; takes some deep breaths.

HARRY:

(continuing)

Will you let me rest a second.

KILLER:

Sure - I understand.

There is silence for awhile and Harry seems to be catching his breath.

KILLER:

You don't jog, do you?

HARRY:

No.

KILLER:

You should. You probably started out fast, didn't you?

(CONTINUED)



142 (Cont.)

HARRY:

Yeah.

KILLER:

That's not nice - pace yourself.  
Do you smoke?

HARRY:

No - not anymore.

KILLER:

Good - that's a step in the right  
direction - smoking is a dirty,  
evil habit.

HARRY:

I think so too.

KILLER:

You did well. I would've let it  
ring five times.

HARRY:

That's generous.

KILLER:

You started out too fast. Pace  
yourself. This one will be easier -  
a fast walk. Four blocks on Crescent  
to Normandy Place - four minutes.  
See you then.

The phone CLICKS. Harry is off walking fast. Pained, but  
walking fast.

143. LONG SHOT HARRY

He walks up a slight hill, takes a couple of jogging steps  
but lapses back into walking.

144. FULL SHOT GROCERY STORE PHONE

Harry jogs up to the phone - a bitchy looking woman is in it.

145. CLOSE ON HARRY WOMAN

Harry is again exhausted but not quite as bad. Woman looks  
over at him glaring, like she intends to take an hour.  
Harry does what he can to smile - a reprieve. He catches  
his breath. She stops, hangs up, glares at him and puts  
another dime in. He smiles to himself. She dials her call  
but apparently doesn't get an answer. She steps out giving  
(CONTINUED)

145 (Cont.)

him a hard look. He doesn't go in the booth. Her look turns to fear and she scurries on her way. The phone RINGS.

146. CLOSE SHOT BOOTH HARRY

He picks it up.

HARRY:

Hello, Snipist?

KILLER:

You were lucky for that one!

HARRY:

Well, I feel much better now.

KILLER:

How old are you?

HARRY:

About forty or fifty.

KILLER:

You should appreciate this - it'll do you a lot of good - a sprint! Three blocks to Shell Station at Hill Street - Two minutes.

The phone CLICKS off. Harry bursts out and runs for all he's worth.

147. FULL SHOT HARRY

He runs, his head high, trying to suck in as much air as he can. Each yard agonizing.

148. FULL SHOT SHELL STATION

Harry runs through. ATTENDANTS stare at him.

149. CLOSE SHOT HARRY BOOTH

He claws open door. Phone has "OUT OF ORDER" sign on it. He is exhausted. He dives out towards an Attendant.

HARRY:

(screaming)

You have another phone?

ATTENDANT:

I don't know - I mean - there's one inside -- (CONTINUED)

149 (Cont.)

He takes a lunging step for the station. The phone in the booth RINGS. He dives back in.

HARRY:

(exhausted)

Hello.

KILLER:

That was good, wasn't it? Are your lungs feeling better?

HARRY:

No.

KILLER:

They will. This one's going to be rough. I think you may not make it - It's about a mile - back to Wilshire and Tranton - eleven minutes. A slow jog - pick it up at the end.

Before he hears the CLICK, Harry is out jogging painfully.

150. FULL SHOT RESIDENTIAL STREET HARRY

Harry runs along a residential street of cheap, old, apartment buildings. He is very tired. TRACK WITH HIM. Suddenly, in front of him, he sees a bicycle leaning against some stairs. He stops. Considers. And turns back.

151. MED. SHOT DIFFERENT ANGLE

He grabs the bike as a KID comes running out of a doorway.

KID:

Hey! What'a you think you're doing?

He rushes at Harry who is having trouble getting started.

KID:

(screams)

Help! A man's stealing my bike!

He leaps on Harry as his MOTHER comes to the door. A big, tough looking woman. The kid is beating on Harry.

KID:

(continues screaming)

Get off'a my bike --

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont.)

The woman turns quickly back into the house. The kid starts to bite and claw Harry. He turns and judo chops the kid in the neck just as the woman comes running out of the house with a meat cleaver. He desperately pedals. The woman raises her arm as Harry starts to pedal down the street. The woman throws the cleaver at Harry and starts to scream.

WOMAN:

(screaming)

Help, help!

The cleaver just misses Harry and bounces off a parked car. Harry pedals desperately, keeping his head jockey-low, the bag in the basket in front. He looks ridiculous as he pedals the undersized bike with its sporty handlebars and phony exhaust pipes.

CUT TO:

152. CLOSE SHOT HARRY BOOTH

He is sitting in the booth, casually. The phone RINGS. He snatches it.

HARRY:

Hi, Snipist!

KILLER:

You don't sound winded.

HARRY:

I'm getting better at it.

KILLER:

I told you it would do you some good. Take the next bus to Main then get to Jefferson - I don't care how you get to Jefferson but I want you on the bus - you'll have fifteen minutes, once you get to Main - Bye.

Harry looks up as the bus is arriving at the stop. As he leaves, the coin return makes its usual SOUND. He turns back and digs into slot...comes away with four dimes but drops one. He scurries after it, almost tripping on the bag. He gets it and runs madly for the bus that is starting to move.

153. INT. BUS MED. SHOT

Harry pays and moves back as the bus lurches ahead. He studies the faces of the people as he goes. No one looks back at him. Most are elderly NEGRO WOMEN, a SMALL MAN in a soiled business suit and a couple of DRUNKS. Harry sits behind them.

## 154. DIFFERENT ANGLE HARRY

The bus stops. A large, beefy-looking MAN gets on with his hands in his coat. He walks back, looks directly at Harry and sits down facing him. Their eyes meet for a second, then the man looks out the window. The bus stops again. FOUR young tough negro men get on, laughing to each other. They give the driver a little trouble, then walk back and SEE Harry. They sit across from him. Harry looks at the beefy man, then at them. One of them STARES back.

FIRST TOUGH:

Hey, what's you staring at me like  
that for, man? I owe you any money?

Harry doesn't answer.

FIRST TOUGH:

I said man - do I owe you any money?

HARRY:

No.

The others turn and stare at Harry.

FIRST TOUGH:

Maybe you owe me some money, an' I  
just has forgot about it.

SECOND TOUGH:

Yeah - maybe you owe Lou some money -  
what's you got in that bag?

The bus stops. The big beefy man moves to another seat. Harry watches him.

SECOND TOUGH:

(loud)

Hey - man - I'm talkin' to you -

THIRD TOUGH:

You listen man when he talks to you -  
you understand?

LOU:

Yeah - you're rude. You got some reason  
you think that maybe you can be rude to  
us man?

Third tough reaches out foot and kicks bag.

THIRD TOUGH:

What's in the bag? --

Harry doesn't say anything.

(CONTINUED)

154 (Cont.)

SECOND TOUGH:

You gonna answer me, boy? You better answer me.

HARRY:

Nothing - nothing's in the bag.

LOU:

You scared, man?

HARRY:

Yeah - I don't want any trouble.

LOU:

Well trouble's what's you gonna get -

SECOND TOUGH:

Yeah - you ain't seen the kind'a trouble he means, boy. You keep bein' rude, and you gonna really see some trouble --

HARRY:

I get off here.

LOU:

Who says?

Harry stands up, pushes quickly to the door as the bus stops. They are taken by surprise and follow.

155. FULL SHOT STREET

Harry gets out. There aren't too many people around. The four black toughs follow him. Harry seems scared as he quickly walks along street. He passes an alley and, with a frightened look back at the toughs, he makes a dash into the alley. The toughs suddenly begin to run after him.

156. P.O.V. HARRY

Toughs come running into alley and stop dead. Hands come up. Harry stands with his magnum pointed at the toughs.

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.)

SECOND TOUGH:

No! Man - please - no!

HARRY:

Get on the ground. Put your hands  
over your heads!

THIRD TOUGH:

Oh - no -- don't kill me, please...  
don't.

HARRY:

Get on the ground!

They do, whimpering.

HARRY:

Shut up!

They do.

A MAN comes out the back of his store into the alley.  
He SEES them, looks up at Harry.

MAN:

What's...?

HARRY:

Get over with them or I'll blow  
your eyes out!

MAN:

Oh God! Oh!

HARRY:

Shut up - get down.

He does.

HARRY:

(to man)  
You got a car?

MAN:

Yes.

HARRY:

Where?

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.1)

MAN:

Right there. Take it...I got the keys right here.

HARRY:

I'm the Sniper! You hear that?  
I'm the Sniper - you've heard of me - haven't you?

TOUGHS:

Yeah -- Yeah -- please - don't kill us, Mister - don't kill us!

HARRY:

I'll kill you all if you don't stay here.

(turns to man)

You - get in the car!

The man starts over to an older car.

HARRY:

Quick! The rest of you move - and you die!

They whimper for mercy.

157. MED. SHOT CAR

The man gets in. Harry gets in the other door. Holds the big magnum at the man's temple.

HARRY:

(low)

Jefferson and Main!

CUT TO:

158. CLOSE SHOT PHONE BOOTH

The man drives his car screeching up to the booth and jumps out. Harry is not with him. He frantically claws at the doors and gets the booth open. PULL IN ON HIM, feverishly spilling money till he gets a dime in the slot. Absolute terror on his face.

(CONTINUED)



158 (Cont.)

MAN:

(screaming)

Operator - Hello, operator -  
 Oh God, get me the Police! -  
 Oh God! Just get me the Police.

He waits, desperately looking around.

MAN:

(continuing)

Hello Police!...It was him!...  
 I was just hijacked! By the Sniper  
 - You hear me? The Sniper! It was  
 him! He said he'd kill me - help!  
 What? What?...He said he was the  
 Sniper - he had a big gun - Oh God!  
 He had a bag...a yellow bag with a  
 bomb in it...What?...He said he was  
 gonna blow up the world!...Who -  
 No! Jefferson and Fifth. He made  
 me take him to Main. He had a bomb!

CUT TO:

159. CLOSE SHOT CAR JOE BRESSER

Bresser is trying to get sound out of his bug-unit.  
 It seems to emit only crazy STATIC. He is frustrated  
 and is leaving car when radio CRACKLES.

RADIO:

Car 710 - Division Central -  
 Code - 4-003 - Man reported  
 giving "Sniper" a lift, carrying  
 a yellow bag with bomb in it --  
 Jefferson and Main.

He picks up mike.

BRESSER:

This is Bresser. I'll go in  
 slow - keep the other units out  
 two or three blocks.

He starts car - moves.

CUT TO:

## 160. FULL SHOT STREET CORNER HARRY

Harry paces under an alcove on the corner of Jefferson and Main. Cars speed by - he looks them over carefully. There are a few people on his corner but a number of drunks sit around outside a liquor store across the street. We SEE Bresser's car go by. Harry doesn't SEE it.

## 161. MED. SHOT DIFFERENT ANGLE

Harry paces. A drunk comes over from the liquor store and is almost run down by a truck on the way.

DRUNK:

Hey - Hey you!

HARRY:

Yeah.

DRUNK:

I bet you don't know who I am.

HARRY:

(tenses)

No - I don't.

DRUNK:

(slurred)

I a poor son-of-a-bitch that hasn't eaten - that's who I am...

He puts his hand on Harry's shoulder.

DRUNK:

(continuing; slurred)

You didn't know that, did you?

CUT TO:

## 162. MED. SHOT BRESSER IN CAR

He listens quietly about a block and a half away.

DRUNK:

(o.s.; slurred)

You think I'm a bum, don't you?  
Some people ain't as lucky - you  
ever go without eat -

HARRY:

(o.s.)

Get away from me - you stink.

(CONTINUED)

162 (Cont.)

DRUNK:

(o.s.)

You think I'm a bum.

HARRY:

(o.s.)

Get away from me or I'll kill you  
with a knife and dump you in a trash  
barrel.

(pause)

Then I'll set it on fire.

He winces.

CUT TO:

163. MED. SHOT HARRY

The drunk staggers away down the street looking furtively  
at Harry. A cab pulls up. The driver looks up at Harry  
expecting something. Harry doesn't quite know what to do.

CAB DRIVER:

You called this cab, didn't you  
Mister?

HARRY:

A friend called it for me.

Harry gets in. Cab starts.

164. INT. CAB MOVING SHOT

The driver looks at Harry in the mirror. Harry looks back  
out rear window.

HARRY:

Is this the fastest way?

DRIVER:

I'm gonna take the Berdoo freeway  
- that okay?

HARRY:

If you say so.

DRIVER:

Well...I mean I could take the Riverside  
to the Berdoo turnoff. This is a little  
longer but it's faster. I don't get calls  
for the Speedway every day, you know.

CUT TO:

## 165. FULL SHOT ONTARIO MOTOR SPEEDWAY

DUSK

The cab pulls up outside the huge stadium. The main fence gate is open. A trailer and race cars are being rolled through. Harry gets out with the bag.

DRIVER:

You gotta be nuts to drive one a those things - That'll be twenty-two dollars and fifty-three cents.

Harry fumbles through his pockets - he doesn't have enough. He leans down and unzips the bag. The driver stares in awe at the money revealed. He fishes through for a stack of Twenties. Peels off one. Hands it to the driver with a crumpled Five of his own.

HARRY:

A nice new one.

The driver takes it and looks at Harry expecting a tip.

HARRY:

What about the change?

DRIVER:

Change!

HARRY:

You said twenty-two, fifty-three -- change.

The driver's jaw drops. He fumbles and gives Harry the change. Harry pockets it - zips up the bag, and turns away. The driver just stares.

DRIVER:

Hey you!

Harry turns - the driver gives him the finger and speeds off. Harry walks through open gate.

## 166. DIFFERENT ANGLE HARRY STANDS

He walks up to the stands. He is alone in the vast stadium. From inside, the NOISE of a high-pitched engine is heard. Harry looks around. It is getting darker. The huge block concrete of the stands looms menacingly above - hiding a pair of eyes - anywhere.

HARRY:

(under his breath)  
I'm inside the speedway Joe -

CUT TO:

167. CLOSE SHOT BRESSER CAR

Bresser sits in car parked outside parking lot.

HARRY:

(o.s.)

Tunnel nine - going east.

168. CLOSE SHOT HARRY'S FEET

He walks - tired - his shoes are dirty and worn. PULL UP as a JANITOR passes - sweeping, looking him over.

DISSOLVE TO:

169. CLOSE SHOT HARRY

Silhouetted against the darkening sky - walking - looking for anything.

DISSOLVE TO:

170. CLOSE SHOT BAG

Dangling in Harry's hand - heavy. He shifts it to his other hand. A phone RINGS. PULL UP - Harry freezes, turns. PAN TO REVEAL row of phone booths. Harry rushes over, grabs phone.

171. CLOSE SHOT BOOTH

HARRY:

Hello.

There is silence.

HARRY:

Hello.

There is an audible click as the other party hangs up. Harry looks disgusted and starts away. Another phone RINGS - Harry goes to it quickly.

HARRY:

Hello.

KILLER:

(o.s.)

Fooled you Harry.

(laughs)

How are you?

(CONTINUED)

171 (Cont.)

HARRY:  
I'm tired - how are you?

KILLER:  
Fine.

HARRY:  
What's you want me to do?

KILLER:  
(o.s.)  
Wait just inside the tunnel - Bye.

Harry puts the receiver down, looks around and starts through tunnel.

CUT TO:

172. MED. SHOT HARRY RACEWAY

Harry is stop the stands looking down on the deserted track.

173. OMITTED174. OMITTED

DISSOLVE TO:

175. CLOSE SHOT HARRY

It is almost dark. Harry looks around warily. A sharp cold wind blows papers through the stands. Harry hears whistling, turns quickly. Below, a uniformed SECURITY GUARD strides along with a JANITOR. Harry crouches behind some trash cans. They pass, and disappear into the tunnel below. Harry waits. He HEARS the metal gates slammed shut and locked. Footsteps recede. There is no more sound save that of the cold wind through a hundred-thousand empty seats.

CUT TO:

176. MED. SHOT GATE JOE BRESSER

NIGHT

Joe is crouched in the shadows behind a hot-dog stand. He watches the guards and janitors lock up the heavy gates; get in their cars and leave. He listens on his receiver - nothing.

CUT TO:

177. CLOSE SHOT HARRY

It is almost totally dark. Only a few lights mark tunnel entrances. Harry waits. Suddenly a VOICE from far away.

KILLER:

Harry.

It echos, even though it isn't a yell.

HARRY:

(yelling)

Yesh.

KILLER:

Come on down on the track, Harry.

CUT TO:

178. MED. SHOT TRACK HARRY

He climbs down and lets himself drop from a low wall onto the track. He looks around.

HARRY:

Where are you?

There is no answer. Harry starts walking along the fence next to the track. Suddenly a giant arm reaches out and grabs him around the neck - another pins his gun arm and wrenches him back into the shadows. There is a scuffling, and only the shadowy figure of a huge man is occasionally SEEN. Suddenly Harry is thrust up - held by his neck against the fence by the giant's one hand, while his other skillfully pushes his wrist to the top of the fence and fastens it there by Harry's handcuffs. The big figure steps back into foreground - a stocking over his face. Harry dangles from the fence by one arm - stares wildly.

KILLER:

You weren't supposed to be armed  
Harry.

He holds up Harry's big Magnum.

HARRY:

It isn't loaded.

The Killer flicks open the cylinder and pushes the ejector rod.

(CONTINUED)

178 (Cont.)

KILLER:

Big one - why'd you bring it?

HARRY:

I feel unbalanced without it.

The Killer snaps it closed and leans down to put it on the ground.

HARRY:

Hey - would you put it on a handkerchief or something - I don't want dirt in the action.

Killer reaches up gently and takes Harry's handkerchief - lays it out carefully, and places the gun on it:

KILLER:

I understand - you could rust the chamber or ruin the blue.

HARRY:

Thanks. There's your money.

KILLER:

Oh - I don't care about that - not that much anyway.

HARRY:

Well - I brought it - I did everything right. It wasn't that easy either.

KILLER:

You did well. You should exercise more often.

HARRY:

Where's the girl?

KILLER:

She's fine. She'll be better off for the experience.

HARRY:

Where is she?

KILLER:

Don't worry - she's close. I took good care of her. Like I said - it'll do her good.

They stare at each other for a long moment.

(CONTINUED)



178 (Cont.1)

KILLER:

You married?

HARRY:

No.

KILLER:

You - oh - you take out girls?

Harry carefully pauses.

HARRY:

Yeah - I take out girls.

KILLER:

A lot of 'em?

HARRY:

As many as I can.

KILLER:

How many?

HARRY:

I don't know - good week - maybe  
two or three.The Killer turns around, starts to walk away, turns back  
sharply.

KILLER:

How old?

HARRY:

What?

KILLER:

How old - the girls...

CUT TO:

179. MED. SHOT GATE BRESSER

Joe is making his move but two chain link fences with barbed wire on top of them are formidable obstacles. Never underestimate the value of a good chain link fence. He doesn't. He tries to climb over. He gets his foot stuck in the bars of the gate. .

HARRY:

(o.s.)

Twenty-five - thirty - some older,  
some younger.

(CONTINUED)

179 (Cont.)

KILLER:

(o.s.)

What kind of girls are they?

HARRY:

(o.s.)

What's you mean?

KILLER:

(o.s.)

I mean what's they do? What're they like?

HARRY:

(o.s.)

Secretaries - divorcees - girls in general.

He gets to the barbed wire, stops to consider his strategy.

CUT TO:

180. MED. SHOT KILLER, HARRY

We see the Killer more plainly now. His face is covered but he is an enormous man in perfect physical condition - obviously a weight lifter and health freak. He wears track shoes.

KILLER:

What about the younger ones - tell me about them.

HARRY:

You tell me where the young girl I came for is.

KILLER:

She's alright - I'll tell you where in a second - How young were these young girls.

Harry smiles to himself - he is either onto the Killer or fondly remembering young girls.

HARRY:

Sixteen! How's that?

KILLER:

Really! You're not giving me any crap?

(CONTINUED)

180 (Cont.)

HARRY:

Am I in a position to?

KILLER:

Tell me about her - what'd you do  
with her?

HARRY:

Tell me where the girl is buried  
first.

He brings his open hand hard across Harry's face - a second blow. Harry glances the blow with his arm but it knocks him about the fence like a rag doll. The man has tremendous power.

KILLER:

Tell me about her! - You tried to  
trick me.

Harry is bleeding a little at the mouth.

HARRY:

Yeah - that's right, take your money -  
kill me and forget it... after I did  
all that running for you too.

KILLER:

(screaming)

Tell me about her!

HARRY:

No -- you hit me - forget it.

KILLER:

I won't hit you again - Please...

HARRY:

Forget it - you didn't tell me anything  
about where the kid is buried.

KILLER:

She's right here - within a hundred  
yards.

HARRY:

Where?

CUT TO:

## 181. CLOSE SHOT FENCE BRESSER

He is caught on the top of the fence - one leg over, twelve feet up, his coat and pants caught on the wire.

KILLER:

(c.s.)

Tell me what you did with her - then I'll tell you where.

HARRY:

(c.s.)

Look, I even had a fifteen year old - a little hippy surfer girl - - they live right next door to me.

JOE:

(under his breath)

The bastard!

HARRY:

(o.s.)

I'll tell you about her if you show me the place where you ---

KILLER:

(o.s.)

Tell me about her now!

HARRY:

(o.s.)

Well you know - they get all doped up an' they know I'm cool - kinda look at me as a father, I guess.

At this, Joe falls - all 230 pounds of him on the pavement. He leaves a good portion of his pants on the fence.

HARRY:

(c.s.)

Great bodies - you know there's something about those chicks - all tan an' young - long hair -

He gets up running - gun out - toward the tunnels.

CUT TO:

## 182. CLOSE SHOT HARRY, KILLER

The Killer is closer - leaning on Harry's every word. Harry looks him straight in the eyes trying to see through the mask - he can't but know his man.

(CONTINUED)

182 (Cont.)

HARRY:

You like girls with long hair?

The Killer doesn't answer, just moves closer.

HARRY:

(continuing)

I met that fifteen year old one morning - I got up and went outside - she was laying on the lawn - obviously stoned out of her head. She was just sleeping there, almost nude. Can you get over that?

KILLER:

No!

CUT TO:

183. MED. SHOT STADIUM BRESSER

Joe runs as fast as he can past tunnels eight and nine - He is getting out of breath.

HARRY:

(o.s.)

I couldn't either - I picked her up and took her to my room - she was really stoned.

CUT TO:

184. CLOSE SHOT HARRY, KILLER

KILLER:

Then what!

HARRY:

It was great - you tell me where the kid is first, though - I'll let you in on the whole thing - It was great.

KILLER:

She's right here - on the infield - between here and the pits. She's fine - she had a great body - Did you see her picture?

HARRY:

She had nothin' on the one I'm telling you about. Where on the infield - point her out.

CUT TO:

185. CLOSE SHOT BRESSER

He runs through tunnel - down stairs.

KILLER:

(o.s.)

Tell me about the girl first!

Joe leaps the guard fence - eight feet to the ground with a thud.

CUT TO:

186. CLOSE SHOT KILLER, HARRY

The Killer turns around sharply, pulls an army .45 auto from his belt, works the slide.

HARRY:

She had great legs - long legs -  
that's the first thing that develops  
on a young chick - smooth long legs.

The Killer is really torn between Harry and the sound he heard.

HARRY:

Young girls like that can really be  
passionate you know - more so than  
older women - they're not used to the  
feeling -

The Killer is sure now - there is movement in the darkness.  
He crouches.

BRESSER:

(o.s.)

Drop it!

Killer leaps sideways, flame roaring from the .45.

KILLER:

(screaming)

You bastard!

He blasts again as the flash from Joe's thirty-eight is seen moving in the darkness. Bullets whistle by and ricochet off the concrete. Harry twists, reaches back. The Killer blasts four shots into the darkness - two more .38 rounds answer him.

(CONTINUED)

186 (Cont.)

KILLER:  
(screaming maniacal)  
Bastard!

Harry throws the thin knife - sinks it into the huge man's neck and shoulder. He fires his gun into the ground and howls like a wild animal, grasping wildly at his neck. He drops the .45 and runs howling like a mad bear. Joe fires again from the darkness - the bullet whines into the stands. The Killer's gone. Harry waits, hanging by his wrist painfully exposed.

CUT TO:

187. MED. SHOT BRESSER TRACK

He runs as fast as he can in pursuit of a distant dark figure that can run a lot faster and can shoot better. Consequently the distance between them grows wider. He drops to one knee, puffing and coughing, raises his belly gun and fires all six shots from a shakey, exhausted two-handed grip. The figure is at least a hundred yards away by now and Joe's shooting is in vain.

HARRY:  
(o.s.)  
Get the bastard Joe! Get him!

The figure disappears in a tunnel. Joe reloads.

CUT TO:

188. MED. SHOT TUNNEL ENTRANCE BRESSER

Joe runs up to tunnel entrance - stops breathing heavily.

189. CLOSE SHOT JOE

He looks in the dark passageway. The Killer is there, he knows it. He grits his teeth and runs into the total darkness. Only the blast from his gun is seen as he runs through firing. He emerges from the other side as we HEAR the distant sound of a car starting - a small car. Joe runs for the fence - the car, a Volkswagen races away across the parking lot. Joe lines on it through the fence and fires his last shot. The gun goes empty. The sound of the car fades in the distance.

CUT TO:

190. CLOSE SHOT HARRY JOE

Joe unlocks the handcuff. Harry drops to the ground, shakes his wrist and goes instantly for his .44 magnum.

JOE:

(winded)

He had a Volkswagen. A red squareback.  
I don't know how he got over that fence.

HARRY:

You bring me any ammunition?

JOE:

In my car. What're you think you're doin'?

HARRY:

I'm gonna chase him - what're you gonna do?

JOE:

(looking around)

I'm gonna find that girl before seven o'clock - that's what we're here for.

HARRY:

Well, you heard him - between the infield and the pits.

He checks his big gun. Cleans it off with the handkerchief.

HARRY:

(continuing)

I'm gonna kill that son-of-a-bitch.  
Give me your keys.

JOE:

You stay here, we've got to find her.

HARRY:

(shouts)

Give me the goddamn keys!

Joe throws them at him.

JOE:

That girl's buried alive.

HARRY:

You find her your way. I'll find her mine.



## 191. MED. SHOT PARKING LOT CAR

Harry opens the glove compartment where a box of .44 magnum ammo is. He loads his gun, slides into the driver's seat - slams door.

192. OMITTED

## 193. CLOSE SHOT WHEELS

They spin and smoke on the pavement - the car fishtail's screeching across the parking lot.

## 194. FULL SHOT GATE

Harry roars down on the gate at tremendous speed. It is half-way open where the Volkswagen passed. He hits the loose other half, smashing it open, shattering his headlight and roaring off into the night.

CUT TO:

## 195. INT. CAR CLOSE SHOT HARRY

Harry is going at least a hundred miles an hour - barely in control, grinning hideously. He roars down the access road to the speedway - the freeway in the distance. It is plain to see why he had his license revoked.

## 196. EXT. FULL SHOT LIQUOR STORE - MARKET

Harry roars by a small business district at the edge of the freeway. Several cars are parked outside a liquor store - one of them a Volkswagen. Harry throws the car into a screeching spin and comes powering back.

## 197. EXT. MED SHOT LIQUOR STORE

Harry slows up, almost crashing into the parked cars. The VW is in the foreground. He runs up, looks in, two or three men are in the store, one of them big. Harry kneels down and feels the VW's muffler. He pulls his hand away - it's hot! He draws his magnum and runs in. A few words are exchanged. We can't hear. The men throw their hands up. The owner opens the cash register and gets back against a wall. All of them seem to be pleading. Harry feels the big man's neck quickly, then runs out, jumps in his car and roars off. The men wait until he's gone, then the owner goes for the phone.

198. INT. CAR CLOSE SHOT HARRY

He roars up onto the freeway.

RADIO:

Unit 433 - Accident - Ontario Blvd.  
and Orange - Sideswipe - apparent  
hit and run --

Harry turns wheel and roars to nearest exit.

CUT TO:

199. EXT. FULL SHOT SPEEDWAY COPS RESCUE UNIT

The Stadium lights are on. Squad cars and Rescue Trucks are all over the infield. Joe and others discuss plans for search. Cops are deployed every five yards. No one can be heard over the noise of the Police Helicopter that drones above.

CUT TO:

200. FULL SHOT SCENE OF ACCIDENT STREET

A cadillac is against the curb and Volkswagen piled against it. The cadillac driver, a BIG FAT MAN, is shaking his head. One squad car is taking the report. Another has just arrived. Harry roars up.

FAT MAN:

I don't understand it. He just ran.

COP:

He hit you coming out of the intersection.

Harry rushes up - shows his badge to the other cop, they mumble. He LOOKS over to the VW. There is blood on the seat and door.

FAT MAN:

I wasn't hurt at all - it was his fault, he deserved getting hurt. Blood all over him. I don't care what you say, it's plain and simple - he hit me, it was his fault. The only reason he got hurt was cause that little car - you can get crushed in a car like that. I'm not hurt at all. It wasn't my fault - I'm gonna sue his ass.

(CONTINUED)

200 (Cont.)

Harry turns to cop.

HARRY:

Any blood trail?

COP:

No - couldn't find a thing. The car checks out to an R. Olson - 733 Citrus Grove.

CUT TO:

201. FULL SHOT STADIUM PITS COPS BRESSER

He stands in foreground. Men move with mine-detector over the grass; others dig carefully, probing the track around the pit area.

CUT TO:

202. MED. SHOT RESIDENTIAL STREET HARRY

Harry walks up a hill, checks the numbers of a series of small houses - 733 - 734 - 735. He runs up walkway. The light is on in 733, a duplex. Harry draws the .44.

203. CLOSE SHOT HARRY

He bashes through the door. The room is dimly lit - small. He looks around. There in bed, against the wall, a YOUNG MAN leans up.

MAN:

Wha - Help!

Another man is in bed with him. He SCREAMS and covers himself with the bed clothes, SOBBING. Harry rushes them.

MAN:

(crying)

Please don't hurt me!

Harry pushes him aside. He falls down the bed. He pulls the covers off the other young man.

OTHER MAN:

No - no!

(CONTINUED)

203 (Cont.)

Harry grabs him by the neck, checks it.

HARRY:

Which 'a you is Olson!

MAN:

I am - I haven't done anything -  
please...

HARRY:

Where's your car?

He grabs him and shoves him back against the bed.

MAN:

(crying hysterically)  
Davis took it - Davis across the way -  
please don't hurt us...

Harry throws him down.

HARRY:

Stay in here and keep your mouth shut.

They whimper. Harry turns at the door.

HARRY:

...and don't call the cops or you're in  
trouble.

204. CLOSE SHOT BRESSER STADIUM

Even Joe is digging with his hands, feeling the ground like  
hundreds of others. Ambulances wait with their lights  
flashing.

DISSOLVE TO:

205. LONG SHOT DUPLEX

DAWN

A cab pulls up to the duplex. A BIG MAN gets out, his neck  
wrapped in a towel. He walks up the walkway TOWARDS US. He  
is tall and muscular - an athlete. He has a pleasant face;  
curly blond hair. He wears only a tight fitting T-shirt and  
the towel carefully wrapping his neck. He comes to his door,  
looks around. Everything is quiet. The world is asleep.  
The first light is falling.

## 206. CLOSE SHOT DOORWAY

He opens door, steps inside. TRACK WITH HIM. His room is covered with pictures of muscle-men and Playmates of the month. He closes his door. Harry is behind it. He gasps, but he's cut short as Harry's fist smashes into his throat, and Harry's foot sinks into his groin. He gags for breath. Harry spins him crashing to the ground with a blow of his gun butt to the suspected wound area. The towel falls away revealing a carefully done bandaging job, obviously hospital work. He SCREAMS in pain.

HARRY:

Where is she - you son-of-a-bitch?

DAVIS:

Get out of here - leave...

Harry kicks him in the mouth, sending him sprawling.

DAVIS:

(hysterical)

I'll sue you cop - I'll sue you!

## 207. CLOSE SHOT HARRY

He smiles - hefts the big pistol.

HARRY:

Talk to my lawyers.

He grabs him by the throat.

HARRY:

Smith -

He hits him full across the face with the big magnum.

HARRY:

(continuing)

- and Wesson!

With the backstroke, he comes down hard on the shoulder. Blood spatters. Davis SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

## 208. INT. MED SHOT DUPLEX MEN

One of the young men across the hall peeks through his venetian blinds, terrified. We HEAR crashing and Davis' hideous scream.

(CONTINUED)

208 (Cont.)

HARRY:

(o.s.)

Where is she! I'll kill you, you  
bastard! Where is she!

MAN:

Hurry up - Oh Lord - he's killing  
him!

OTHER MAN:

(o.s.)

Hello - Police - Help!

CUT TO:

209. OMITTED

210. MED. SHOT BRESSER CAPTAIN

Bresser is watching as the ambulance is backed up. The  
stretcher is brought out. The captain walks over. Joe looks  
beaten, his hands drop to his side.

CAPTAIN:

Well, that's it. She was probably  
dead before she was buried - if that  
helps.

JOE:

It doesn't.

CAPTAIN:

Yeah....well...did the best you could -  
You better go find Harry.

211. INT. CLOSE SHOT DAVIS' ROOM HARRY DAVIS

Harry has Davis on the floor, his whole side soaked in blood.  
Harry raises his gore-covered pistol - he is spattered  
himself.

HARRY:

(mad; screaming)

Where! Where! You killed her where!

He smashes the gun down on Davis' shoulder again, twists his  
arm. Davis SCREAMS delirious with pain.

DAVIS:

I don't know!

(CONTINUED)

211 (Cont.)

Harry smashes him again.

HARRY:

You killed her, didn't you - you killed her!

DAVIS:

(delirious)

I killed her - I killed her - Oh God I killed - kill 'em all - killed her.

Harry wrenches his arm.

HARRY:

I'm gonna break your arm off - Where!

He bashes him again.

DAVIS:

Killed her - killed all of them.

HARRY:

Where!

The door slams open. Harry looks up as two uniformed COPS crouch with shotguns leveled at his head. Harry's mouth drops open - he holds his blood red magnum by the barrel.

COP:

Drop it!

CUT TO:

NOTE: The following sequence is to be Shot in a documentary style, as it would be by a normal T.V. News-crew.

212. INT. COURT HALL NEWSMEN (SEQUENCE 16mm) DAY

There is general confusion. Newsmen crowd in the hallway of the Los Angeles Hall of Justice. They have been barred from the courtroom of the sensational Davis-Sniper trial which has apparently just broken up. A young man with longish hair is immediately surrounded while two other older men push through.

OLDER MAN:

No comment.

NEWSMAN:

Will the prosecuting attorney have a comment?

(CONTINUED)

212 (Cont.)

OLDER MAN:

(bitter)

You'll have to ask him.

The Newsmen cluster around the young long-haired lawyer.

ANOTHER NEWSMAN:

Get the mike - somebody get another  
mike.

Somebody does - Cameras are going.

NEWMAN:

There -

YOUNG LAWYER:

As spokesman for Mr. Davis's defense,  
I can say that today's proceedings  
were entirely - uh - what we expected.

NEWSMAN:

You had hoped for a mistrial ruling,  
originally.

LAWYER:

We hadn't just hoped - we knew - this  
thing was ridiculous from the start -  
the evidence purely circumstantial and  
ludicrous - and in the light of the  
tremendous police violations of Mr.  
Davis' civil rights - this thing should  
never have gotten as far as it did.

Another young lawyer joins him.

OTHER LAWYER:

We're not the ones who were up to  
question here - There should have  
been, and I think there will be, an  
investigation of the police action on  
the night of October 15.

FIRST LAWYER:

There is more at stake here than meets  
the eye. Our rights as citizens and  
our very lives themselves are being  
threatened by this intolerable police  
abuse.

(CONTINUED)



212 (Cont.1)

OTHER LAWYER:

I think we've won a significant battle here, today - not only in freeing an innocent man but in showing the totalitarian forces in our government that the people will not stand by and have their constitutional rights violated.

CUT TO:

213. CLOSE SHOT OTHER SIDE OF HALL

The Prosecuting Attorney is coming out with other lawyers. He looks bitter and defeated.

NEWSMAN:

Have - will you make a statement?

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY:

(exhausted)

Yes - I feel that what has happened here today has made a mockery of justice. What else do you want me to say.

NEWSMAN:

Do you still feel that Mr. Davis is guilty?

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY:

Unequivocally - but maybe we'll just have to wait until he shoots someone else before we can prove it.

SPOKESMAN FOR P. ATTORNEY:

I think we will retract that statement.

214. CLOSE SHOT DEFENSE ATTORNEYS

REPORTER:

What about that knife wound?

(CONTINUED)

214 (Cont.)

## FIRST DEFENSE ATTORNEY:

That was fully covered in the hearing - Ask yourself how many muggings there are in this city every day. It's up to the police to find the mugger and not penalize my client for being unfortunate enough to have walked our city streets after dark.

## SECOND DEFENSE ATTORNEY:

We hope, not only for a thorough investigation into the police methods leading up to Mr. Davis' arrest, but we are filing suit against the City and personally against Officer Ricci himself. We are also preferring criminal charges against --

CUT TO:

215. CLOSE SHOT PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

## NEWSMAN:

Is there any truth to the statement that Officer Ricci has been suspended?

## ATTORNEY:

Absolutely not - the police are conducting a routine investigation.

## NEWSMAN:

What about the wire-tapping - the use of a police "bug"?

## ATTORNEY:

No comment.

At that moment Harry emerges from the courtroom. Police are all around him. Newsmen push through to photograph him. He is quickly surrounded by a crowd and disappears.

CUT TO:

216. INT. POLICE ACADEMY RANGE LONG SHOT HARRY

TRACK past the rows of cadets. Harry stands at his table. There are no guns on it - no targets set up behind it. Harry doesn't pace - he looks tired.

HARRY:

There are only three times that homicide is justifiable by public officers -  
(his heart is not  
in it)

- First that homicide committed in obedience to the judgement of a competent court; second - and this is what you are concerned with - that homicide necessarily committed in overcoming actual resistance to the execution of a legal process - provided the party is trying to kill you - that's what they mean by actual resistance - And third - that homicide committed in arresting persons charged with a felony - murder's a good felony - and who are fleeing from justice or resisting such arrest. Let me say that the department frowns on you dropping one of these felons fleeing, so if you are going to kill the bastard, it is best to have him resist - preferably by trying to kill you --

CUT TO:

217. INT. GYM MED. SHOT DAVIS OTHERS NIGHT

Davis is working on isometrics, looking at his fabulous physique in the mirror. His wound is bandaged and appears to be healing well. The gym is closing up and the owner, a large muscular older man, is picking up towels. Davis walks over to the phone, dials a number. The owner clears up some towels and bar-bells.

DAVIS:

Hello Tom.

We hear Harry on the other end.

HARRY:

(o.s.)

No - you must have the wrong number.

DAVIS:

Tom doesn't live there?

(CONTINUED)

217 (Cont.)

HARRY:

(o.s.)

No - you have the wrong number.

DAVIS:

Sorry if I woke you up.

He hangs up, walks back to the mirror. The various lights start going out - the owner can be heard locking the door. Only the one light over Davis illuminates him. The owner lets down the shades. Closes everything up thoroughly. Davis never looks around, just stares at his own reflection, his tense neck and pectoral muscles. Finally the owner strides up.

OWNER:

You ready?

Davis relaxes, takes in a long breath.

DAVIS:

I'm ready.

The owner comes over and takes off his shirt - neatly folds it, then his pants. He puts them on a bench.

OWNER:

Don't wanta soil them.

He walks back to Davis.

DAVIS:

I don't want my body marked.

The owner is quickly wrapping his hands in tape.

DAVIS:

(continuing)

You understand?

OWNER:

Of course.

He gets up, and in one fluid motion, slams his taped fist into Davis' cheek. Blood splatters across the mirror.

CUT TO:

218. INT. CENTRAL RECEIVING HOSPITAL DAVIS

Davis staggers through the doors holding his shirt on his face - puffed up and bloody.

(CONTINUED)

218 (Cont.)

DAVIS:  
(screaming; dilirious)  
That bastard beat me. That bastard  
cop beat me up - he waited in an alley -  
Oh God he beat me.

Attendants rush up. Davis thrashes around.

DAVIS:  
(screaming)  
Oh God - somebody help me. I want  
my lawyer - somebody help me. That  
dirty cop beat me.

CUT TO:

219. EXT. CAR (NOT MOVING) NEAR HARRY'S APARTMENT DAY

JOE:  
(angry)  
Look Harry - I don't blame you -  
but if you were gonna beat the guy  
up, why didn't you finish him?

HARRY:  
(screaming)  
I didn't touch him! I haven't seen  
him since the trial.

JOE:  
All right - all right - whatever Harry  
- I'm still on the case. I just think  
you could level with me.

Harry shakes his head.

JOE:  
(continuing)  
When's your trial?

HARRY:  
You can hear about it on T.V. tonight.

Harry leaves the car, walks into his building.

CUT TO:

220. INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT MED. SHOT HARRY

He comes in the door, turns on one dim light, takes off his  
coat and throws it on a chair. He starts to go to the  
ice-box and stops to look at one of the citations.

## 221. CLOSE SHOT HARRY

From behind we see Harry looking at his reflection in the glass on the citation. He looks for a long time, then he moves a shaky hand to it. He picks it up off the wall. Holds it looking into it. Then he carefully slams it on the edge of a table. The glass shatters on the floor. He picks another one off - bashes it on the lamp - two more quite methodical, but giving way to madness. By the fifth one, he stumbles and throws it crashing across the room. Reeling back he draws his gun and throws it at another - he staggers woodenly about, knocking over lamps, throwing ash trays at the hated citations - sweeping them from the walls in spastic gestures, crashing about the room until he stops - staring. PAN TO REVEAL the door partly open - the surfers stand there watching him.

SURFER:

(scared)

You all right Harry?

HARRY:

(low)

Get out of here.

They don't. He throws a bottle of beer at the door. It closes.

HARRY:

(screaming)

Get out'a here.

CUT TO:

## 222. MED. SHOT HALLWAY SURFERS

They jump away from the door - They hear crashing around, then silence.

SURFER:

You all right Harry? You all right?

DISSOLVE TO:

## 223. EXT. STREET FULL SHOT HARRY DAY

Harry is walking down the street. He senses someone behind him, and he turns. No one is there. He walks a bit further and reaches a bus stop. He stops, appears to be waiting for the bus. And then he turns around sharply just in time to see a figure disappear quickly behind a building.

DISSOLVE TO:

224. INT. MOVING BUS HARRY DAY

Harry is reading a newspaper. He looks out his window as a red Volkswagon with a dented front fender coasts into view alongside him. It seems to be pacing along with the bus. Harry tries to see inside the car to glimpse its driver, but he can't from his higher angle. The Volks suddenly pulls away.

DISSOLVE TO:

225. EXT. TACO STAND HARRY DAY

Harry is standing at the counter eating another of his burritos. He looks worried. The last time we saw him here the sniper struck for the first time. Harry looks up at the building the killer fired from.

226. EXT. BUILDING ON HORIZON HARRY'S P.O.V. DAY

The building stands off in the distance, looming, still providing a clear shot at the whole street.

227. EXT. TACO STAND HARRY DAY

Harry looks as if he expects a bullet to come flying at him at any moment. He looks down the street.

228. EXT. RECORD STORE HARRY'S P.O.V. DAY

The scene of the first snipings. Signs of recent repair are evident on the stores where bullets hit.

229. INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE HARRY CLERK DAY

Harry is making a purchase at the gun counter. As he is checking the items, he senses something behind him. A squeaking spring action is audible. Harry turns.

230. INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE HARRY'S P.O.V. DAY  
DAVIS

Davis is standing in another section of the store near a rack of barbells. He is pulling on some sort of elaborate exercisor. He seems oblivious to Harry.

231. INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE  
HARRY

DAY

Harry leaves, unsettled by Davis' presence.

232. EXT. HARRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING

DAY

Harry is walking toward his apartment building. He reaches the front door when he hears something behind him. He jumps back against the door frame, looking out across the street and up.

233. EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS FROM HARRY'S  
HARRY'S P.O.V.

DAY

A head is disappearing downward behind the rooftop.

234. EXT. HARRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING  
HARRY

DAY

Harry moves quickly inside, shuts the street door, and peers out at the roof.

235. EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS FROM HARRY'S  
HARRY'S P.O.V.

DAY

A MAN raises himself up and continues working on a section of the roof. His actions are broad, and he makes a scraping noise as he works.

236. INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT HARRY

DAY

Harry comes in. He is sweating by now. He peers cautiously out his window.

237. EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS FROM HARRY'S  
HARRY'S P.O.V.

DAY

The view from Harry's window. The roof is empty. The workman is gone.



238. INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT  
HARRY

DAY

Harry gets a beer from his refrigerator, starts to swig it. Something is bothering him. He moves to his bed, lifts up the mattress, revealing his enormous hunting rifle with its scope. He drops the mattress back down, covering the weapon, and lies down on the bed to drink his beer.

DISSOLVE TO:

239. INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT  
HARRY

NIGHT

Harry is asleep on his bed, still in his street clothes. The telephone is ringing. He wakes up and reaches for the phone.

HARRY:

Yeah?

The phone clicks dead at the other end. Harry hangs up. He goes to his window and looks out cautiously. He gets another beer, takes it to the bed, sits on the edge drinking it.

DISSOLVE TO:

240. INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT  
HARRY

DAY

Harry is awake and dressed, except for a coat, revealing the .44 in its shoulder holster. He kneels down and carefully peers through the venetian blinds.

241. EXT. HARRY'S STREET  
HARRY'S P.O.V.

DAY

The rooflines are empty. No one is in the streets.

242. MED. SHOT HALLWAY HARRY

He closes his door without a sound, looks around and carefully goes over to the surfers' apartment. He knocks quickly. Nobody comes. He knocks again. The door opens - one of the surfers stands there asleep.

SURFER:

Harry?

HARRY:

Can I use your bathroom?

He opens the door. Everyone, boys and girls, is sprawled on the floor in the fiberglass and foam dust, and on filthy mattresses.

SURFER:

Sure.

Harry walks through quietly and goes into the bathroom. Some of the kids wake up.

OTHER KID:

Was that Harry?

SURFER:

Yeah - he's in the head.

Harry sticks his head out.

HARRY:

Can I use the bathroom window?

SURFER:

Sure Harry - do whatever you have to...

HARRY:

You don't mind if I take the screen off?

SURFER:

(shrugs)

If you must.

HARRY:

Thanks.

They all get up and gather around. Harry hasn't closed the door but they are afraid to look in. Finally they do, to discover Harry climbing through the window. He smiles at them and eases himself out. Only his hands show. Suddenly he pulls himself back up.

(CONTINUED)

242 (Cont.)

HARRY:

Don't go out the front door for  
a while.

SURFER:

Wouldn't think of it Harry.

He drops out of sight.

CUT TO:

243. FULL SHOT DAVIS' HOME HARRY

Harry is in foreground, crouched among garbage, he watches Davis and his two friends leave their bungalow and drive off in the VW. When they are gone, he gets up and looks around to make sure nobody is watching. He walks down towards the house.

244. CLOSE SHOT WINDOW HARRY

Harry looks around warily. Looks in Davis' window then slips around to the door. He pulls his detective's keys and picks the lock expertly and slips inside.

245. INT.DAVIS' ROOM MED. SHOT HARRY

He starts searching the place. Looks quickly in the closet. Taps walls for hollow places. Checks plumbing of toilet, etc. Then he crouches down, looks under bed - nothing. PULL IN ON HIM. He feels between the mattresses. Smiles. He has something. He pulls out a clip of eight cartridges.

246. CLOSE SHOT CLIP

Eight 30-06 cartridges in an M-1 Garand clip, a piece of tape around them marked - 68 grains - 4831 160 grain boattail.

HARRY:

(o.s.)

The son-of-a-bitch.

CUT TO:

247. EXT. CLOSE SHOT HANDS EARTH

Hands dig with a small shovel, then uncover something.

(CONTINUED)

247 (Cont.)

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Davis unearthing something long, wrapped in an army pancho. He unravels the pancho to reveal an ordnance new M-1 Garand with Sniper-scope, heavily protected with cosmoline. Some other wrapped objects are also seen in the hole.

248. LONG SHOT CANYON DAVIS

Davis sits in a desolate canyon, carefully cleaning his rifle.

CUT TO:

249. CLOSE SHOT PUBLIC RANGE DAVIS

Davis is signing in at the rifle range. We see him write down a phony name - list his rifle as a "Springfield Sporter," caliber .270 Winchester. He smiles at the rangemaster.

RANGEMASTER:

You got your own ammunition?

DAVIS:

Yeah - say could I ask a favor?

RANGEMASTER:

What.

DAVIS:

I'd like to be down there on the end.

He points down the Range.

DAVIS:

(continuing)

I'm very sensitive to muzzle blast.

RANGEMASTER:

Sure.

250. CLOSE SHOT DAVIS' HANDS

He lays the clip on the sighting in bench. Sets up his spotting scope, unzips his rifle case and removes the M-1. He checks the bore then sets the scope for what he hopes will put him on the paper. He gets into the sling, settles the fore-end against the sandbags and looks through the scope. He reaches over with his other hand and pushes the clip in closing the bolt.

251. P.O.V. DAVIS

We see the target held in the centre of the cross-hairs.

252. CLOSE SHOT DAVIS

His finger tenses on the trigger - the gun goes off - really goes off. Gas and pieces of brass are blown back along with the bolt, the barrel blows open. And Davis is thrown from the bench. Shooters look over and come running. We can't SEE Davis.

DAVIS:

(o.s.; screaming)

That bastard! He did it - that bastard!

The smoking ruins of the M-1 lie in the foreground. People rush up. The Rangemaster pushes through - looks at gun.

SHOOTER:

Blew up - just completely blew up!

RANGEMASTER:

Lucky you were wearin' shooting glasses boy, or you'd be blind.

DAVIS

(o.s.)

The bastard!

SHOOTER:

Never seen a gun blow like that.

RANGEMASTER:

Must'a been one hell of an overload.

CUT TO:

253. INT. CLOSE SHOT HALL HARRY JOE

Harry is laughing. Joe must have told him something funny. They round a corner and go into the Captain's office.

CUT TO:

254. INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE MED. SHOT HARRY OTHERS

The Captain is seated behind his desk looking grave, as usual. Several city officials are with him.

CAPTAIN:

Your boy is loose again.

(CONTINUED)

254 (Cont.)

HARRY:

Another shooting?

CAPTAIN:

No - a ransom.

He gets up. The officials follow.

CAPTAIN:

The Mayor is downstairs. We're  
going to brief everyone at once.  
We've been waiting for you.

HARRY:

Why am I so important?

CUT TO:

255. MED. SHOT CONFERENCE ROOM HARRY OTHERS

Various high city officials and division captains and crack  
detectives sit in a darkened room. Their faces tense,  
serious. An opaque projector is on.

VOICE:

(o.s.)

The Huntington Girls School - Grades  
six through nine.

PAN TO REVEAL the screen showing an old Spanish-style set of  
buildings; distinguished looking, dark trees surrounding it.

VOICE:

(o.s.; continuing)

East entrance -

Another view.

VOICE:

(o.s.; continuing)

West entrance. He went in at  
approximately nine a.m. and contacted  
us at 10:52. First thing he asked for  
was a photographer.

Another photo comes on. This one of the entire class  
assembled as if for a graduation photograph; a row sitting,  
a row kneeling and a row standing. Teachers are at their  
sides. Quite normal, save the absolute terror on their  
faces. The terror is for good reason because Davis kneels  
in the foreground, his face bandaged, holding a .45 and  
smiling. Next to him is a curved rectangular object that is

(CONTINUED)

255 (Cont.)

stuck into the ground by two spikes. It is about a foot wide and has a wire that goes to Davis' hand.

VOICE:

(o.s.)

The object Mr. Davis is kneeling next to is a Claymore Mine.

MAYOR'S OFFICIAL:

(o.s.)

What's that?

HARRY:

(o.s.)

He triggers it - all of them - spaghetti...

CAPTAIN:

Thank you, Harry.

CAMERA PULLS IN CLOSE on the absolute terror on the girls' faces.

OTHER VOICE:

(o.s.)

What're his other weapons?

VOICE:

(o.s.)

We're only sure of the mine - an M-16 rifle and a .45.

HARRY:

(o.s.)

An M-16 - That's rich!

CUT TO:

256. INT. SUBTERRANEAN POLICE GARAGE  
CLOSE SHOT YELLOW BAG

The police load it into car.

VOICE:

(o.s.)

These are his demands - first, the \$250,000 in the yellow bag, originally intended for the Snipist. He feels he needs this to start a new life somewhere free from police harrassment.

(CONTINUED)

256 (Cont.)

The car drives off.

257. LONG SHOT BOEING 747 (TELEPHOTO SHOT)

Plane is about to land.

VOICE:

(o.s.)

Second - a 747 with pilot,  
crew and hostesses for the  
kids - fully fueled and cleared  
for flight.

CAPTAIN:

(o.s.)

He can't go anywhere.

HARRY:

(o.s.)

He doesn't know that.

CUT TO:

258. LONG SHOT CITY HALL OFFICIALS

The Mayor and other officials walk down the steps and  
get into cars.

VOICE:

(o.s.)

Third - A signed written  
statement from the Mayor's  
office apologizing for the  
way in which he has been  
treated by the city and a  
public statement that,  
although the Mayor does not  
approve of Mr. Davis' methods,  
he can understand his motives -  
This to be delivered on  
National Television at the  
airport.

CUT TO:



## 259. HELICOPTER SHOT FREEWAY BUS MOTORCYCLE ESCORT

A bus travels below surrounded by motorcycle policemen and covered above by police helicopter.

VOICE:

(o.s.)

Fourth - A Presidential class motorcycle escort with helicopter to be on the Freeway at 1:00 p.m.

CUT TO:

## 260. CLOSE SHOT AIRPORT HARRY

Harry stands with Bresser and others. The 747 in the distance.

VOICE:

(o.s.)

Fifth - He wants the money with which to start his new life delivered by Officer Harry Ricci. It is my impression that he intends to kill Officer Ricci -- If his demands are not met to the letter, he will destroy the children.

Harry and the others turn as the bizarre cavalcade comes down the runway towards the plane. The area is cordoned off by hordes of police. Squad cars are everywhere in the distance.

CUT TO:

## 261. CLOSE SHOT CRASH TRUCK POLICE SNIPER

Hidden on a crash truck is a police sniper with 30-06 Browning rifle with variable power scope.

CAPTAIN:

(o.s.)

Of course, we'll have men wherever we can but they're cleared only to take a shot if they're sure it will be fatal or totally incapacitating.

He watches the procession approach the plane. They are out of his range.

CUT TO:

## 262. CLOSE SHOT BRESSER

He watches the bus from a distance. As the bus pulls up to an improvised loading ramp, the motorcycles fan off. The helicopters hover above.

## 263. INT. CLOSE SHOT AMBULANCE

Lying prone next to the stretcher is another police sniper, this one with a B.A.R. and scope.

CUT TO:

## 264. P.O.V. SCOPE BUS

The bus stops. The door opens. A teacher gets out terrified, then another. The Crosshairs search for Davis in the bus but cannot get a clear shot. The teachers break and run from the bus. The Children come out, one at a time, single file. Finally, Davis comes out. A young girl held by the neck, covering him. He also has the M-16 slung around his back. He moves warily across the field, the crosshairs following him, but to no avail.

## 265. CLOSE SHOT DAVIS

He looks around expecting to be hit at any second - looking around quickly, he turns and backs in towards the ramp. Suddenly, the girl he is holding struggles - hits his bandaged face hard. He stumbles under all his extra weight. Grabs frantically at the girl.

## 266. P.O.V. SCOPE DAVIS

There is a shot. Clear for a second. The rifle jumps in recoil, blasting.

## 267. MED. SHOT DAVIS OTHERS

He holds the girl and spins. A bullet smashes off the plane ramp. The other kids run in every direction. The ambulance backs up at him. Kids run around it. He crouches and fires into it. SCREAMING is HEARD. He has the girl and moves backwards up the ramp firing indiscriminently.

## 268. LONG SHOT 747

The ambulance pulls away and Davis disappears into the plane. Police rush up as close as they dare. Only the dark hole of the door is visible.

269. INT. MED. SHOT 747

Davis shouts out of the doorway holding on to the kid. The girl is crying hysterically. The stewardess stands paralyzed.

DAVIS:

(screaming)

Where's Ricci? Where's my money?  
I want Ricci to bring my money,  
or it's all over.

HARRY:

(o.s.)

I'm here Davis - with the money.

Davis spins around. There is no one. He grabs the stewardess - gets her in front of him.

HARRY:

(o.s.)

I'm in the upper lounge. Come on  
up and count it, Snipist.

DAVIS:

Throw it down - I'm not the Snipist!  
This whole thing's your fault.

HARRY:

(o.s.)

Come on up, if you want it Davis -  
you want it, don't you?

DAVIS:

I've got a kid and a nice stewardess  
here - I'll kill the kid if you --

HARRY:

(o.s.)

I hate kids - go ahead - if you  
don't, I probably will.

There is silence.

DAVIS:

(continuing)

I've got the stewardess here - she's  
nice, Harry.

HARRY:

(o.s.)

I know, I saw her.

DAVIS:

I'll kill her.

(CONTINUED)

269 (Cont.)

HARRY:

(o.s.)

I don't even know her - wish I did.

DAVIS:

(screaming)

You're supposed to protect these people. Don't you have any respect for human life, Ricci?

HARRY:

(o.s.)

I'm gonna kill you, Davis, and nothing you can say or do will stop me. Come on up and don't bring the girls - they won't stop a .44 - I'm gonna kill you - come and get it.

DAVIS:

(screaming  
hysterically)

You're crazy Ricci! Crazy!

There is another silence.

DAVIS:

(continuing)

I'm sending up the stewardess to make sure you got the money - then we're gonna take off.

HARRY:

Fine - but I'll get you - sooner or later... and probably sooner.

He motions the stewardess ahead. She starts up the winding stairwell, absolutely in shock. Finally, we can see only her legs - nice legs. Suddenly she is pulled up out of the way. Something comes crashing down. Davis lets go of the girl and fires at it, full automatic.

270. CLOSE SHOT BAG

The bag falls. Davis' M-16 rips it apart, money scattering.

271. CLOSE SHOT STAIRWELL

Harry hangs down, almost upside-down and blasts at Davis with the .44. He hits him, spinning him back into seats. The rifle clatters to the floor. Davis disappears amongst

(CONTINUED)

271 (Cont.)

the seats. Harry fires, ripping up seats. Five more blasts, then he flicks open cylinder, jams ejector rod against stairwell, clearing chambers and reloads.

272. MED. SHOT DAVIS

He scrambles back from the ripped up seats, down the aisle, drawing his forty-five and working the slide. His thigh is bloody, from where Harry grazed him. He breaths hard, kind of crying.

CUT TO:

273. EXT. FULL SHOT 747 POLICE BRESSER

The Police have pulled in close. There are great holes in the fuselage from the battle. They stand paralyzed in the silence. Only the sound of the little girl and the stewardess crying can be HEARD. Bresser watches.

274. INT. CLOSE SHOT HARRY

He drops down stairs. Ducks against bulkhead. Below him, on the floor, is the M-16. He dives for it, grabs it and is rolling up into other aisle. Davis leans out down the aisle and blasts Harry in the legs. Harry pulls himself to safety. He checks the M-16. Half a clip left. He knows Davis' approximate position. His leg is bleeding badly. He pulls himself up, looks down the row of empty seats, throws himself into aisle and charges down.

275. P.O.V. BEHIND HARRY

Limping and stumbling, he charges down the aisle, the M-16 in one hand, the .44 in the other. He fires the M-16 full auto, tearing up the seats in front of him as he comes. Finally Davis dives out, firing. They confront each other for a second. Harry fires rapidly with the magnum. Davis the .45. Both men are hit. The M-16 blown out of Harry's hand and another slug hits him in the shoulder, spinning him around. Davis stands holding his other leg. His arm extends. Harry fires from the ground, smashing Davis' shoulder to pulp, throwing him against the fuselage wall. Both men are on the floor. Davis' gun, a foot from his good hand. Blood all over. Harry looks at him, down the sights of the big pistol. Davis breaks down, crying hysterically and falls back in his blood. Harry crawls over, gets his gun and handcuffs him, painfully, to a chair.

(CONTINUED)

275 (Cont.)

DAVIS:

(crying,  
pitifully)

Look what you did to me - you've  
hurt me. Oh God, look what you've  
done - you've crippled me, Oh God -

HARRY:

(maniacal - breathing  
hard - almost a  
whisper)

I'm going to kill you Davis, kill  
you.

Davis immediately stops his whimpering and stares in dis-  
belief at Harry. His voice is suddenly that of a child.

DAVIS:

No - no Harry - you've hurt me -  
why do you want to hurt me?

Harry slowly moves his .44 up to point at Davis' forehead.

HARRY:

(whispering)

This will be good for you, Davis.

You'll be better off for it -

(he cocks the  
big gun)

It'll be nice and clean -

Davis throws his head back and screams in insane horror  
as Harry moves the barrel past Davis' ear and fires. A  
tremendous blast into the seat, the SOUND mixes with  
Davis' SCREAM and the SOUND of an ambulance.

CUT TO:

276. INT. AMBULANCE (MOVING) CLOSE SHOT HARRY - JOE

Harry is being given a transfusion - oxygen is ready.  
He looks pale and sick. He doesn't look at anyone. Joe  
watches him. The city passes by outside.

BRESSLER:

Harry.

HARRY:

Yeah, Joe.

BRESSLER:

Harry - why didn't you do it? I'd a  
killed him - why didn't you?

(CONTINUED)

276 (Cont.)

Harry looks out at the city passing by.

HARRY:

(very softly)

Joe, I don't know what's happening  
out there. Everybody's crazy -

(silence;  
continues)

Joe....

JOE:

(leaning close)

Yeah?

HARRY:

I can't kill them all ....

FADE OUT:

T H E E N D